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MR. HEADLEY'S
SELECT BEAUTIES OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY;
A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
HIS ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.
AND A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE;

BY
HENRY KETT, B. D.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. II.



**SELECT BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.**

WITH REMARKS

BY THE LATE

HENRY HEADLEY, A.B.

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY THE

REV. HENRY KETT, B.D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE MONUMENT OF BANISHED MINDES

Sir W.D. Avenant.



REV. V.
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DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.



ILL-busied man! why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy life's short calendar?
When every spectacle thou look'st upon
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
'Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must die.'

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy passing-bell:
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
Covers alike deceased day and thee.

And all those weeping dews which nightly fall
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 138.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
That net that holds no great takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE
SEARCH AFTER FELICITY.

THE wisest men that nature e'er could boast,
For secret knowledge of her power, were lost,
Confounded, and in deep amazement stood,
In the discovery of the chiefest good :
Keenly they hunted*, beat in every brake,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and back
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art
(Though often challeng'd sent) yet ne'er could start,
In all th' enclosures of philosophy,
That game, from squat, they term, Felicity :
They jangle, and their maxims disagree,
As many men, so many minds there be.

One digs to Pluto's throne, thinks there to find
Her grace, rak'd up in gold : another's mind
Mounts to the courts of Kings, with plumes of honour
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her ;
A third, unlocks the painted gates of pleasure,
And ransacks there, to find this peerless treasure ;
A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,
Persuades himself, her deity's too holy

* *Keenly they hunted, &c.*] To this and the succeeding lines may with justice be applied what Dr. Warton has observed of some lines of Pope : " The metaphors in the succeeding lines, drawn from the field-sports of setting and shooting, seem below the dignity of the subject."

Essay on Pope, Vol. II. p. 124.

For common hands to touch, he rather chooses
To make a long day's journey to the Muses;
To Athens (gown'd) he goes, and from that school
Returns unsped, a more instructed fool.

Where lies she then? or lies she any where?
Honours are bought and sold, she rests not there;
Much less in pleasures hath she her abiding,
For they are shar'd to beasts, and ever sliding;
Nor yet in virtue, virtue's often poor;
And (crush'd with fortune) begs from door to door.
Nor is she sainted in the shrine of wealth;
That, makes men slaves, is unsecur'd from stealth;
Conclude we then, Felicity consists
Not in exterior fortunes, but her lists
Are boundless, and her large extension
Outruns the pace of human apprehension;
Fortunes are seldom measur'd by desert,
The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'er extend
Beyond itself; in it, all wishes end:
The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosp'rous, not a happy man;
A peaceful conscience is the true content,
And wealth is but her golden ornament.

Job Militant, by F. Quarles,
Med. xiii. Edit. 1630.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

—◆—
WHERE wards are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that, speech could not amend;
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike do range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks, with smaller fish:
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The marline cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy grey-hound still pursue the chase,
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mordochews wept;
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE

DISTINCTION BETWEEN WISDOM AND
KNOWLEDGE.

THE moral poets (nor unaptly) feign
That, by lame Vulcan's help, the pregnant brain
Of sovereign Jove brought forth, and at that birth
Was borne Minerva, lady of the earth.

O strange divinity! but sung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.
The moral says, all wisdom that is given
To hood-wink'd mortals, first proceeds from heaven;
Truth's error, wisdom's but wise insolence,
And light's but darkness, not deriv'd from thence;
Wisdom's a strain transcends morality,
No virtue's absent, wisdom being by.
Virtue by constant practice is acquir'd,
This (this by sweat unpurchas'd) is inspir'd:
The masterpiece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good from what is good in show,
And there it rests: wisdom proceeds, and chooses
The seeming evil, th' apparent good refuses;
Knowledge descries alone; wisdom applies;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise;
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but pick
Bare simples, Wisdom pounds them, for the sick;
In my afflictions, Knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends,

It finds that Patience is my sad relief,
 And that the hand that caus'd can cure my grief;
 To rest contented here, is but to bring
 Clouds without rain, and heat without a spring:
 What hope arises hence? the devils do
 The very same: they know and tremble too;
 But sacred Wisdom doth apply that good,
 Which simple knowledge barely understood;
 Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves
 That wheresoever God corrects he loves:
 Wisdom digests what Knowledge did but taste;
 That deals in futures, this in things are past:
 Wisdom's the card of Knowledge, which, without
 That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt:
 Knowledge, when Wisdom is too weak to guide her,
 Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider:
 Which made that great philosopher avow,
 He knew so much that he did nothing know.

Job Militant, by F. Quarles, Med. xi.

THE
 INSUFFICIENCY OF MONUMENTAL HONOURS
 TO PRESERVE THE MEMORY.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
 Do at the stern of fair example stand,
 And all the body of this populace
 Guide with the turning of your hand;
 Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
 Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgrac'd Knowledge from the ground;
 Keep Virtue in request; give Worth her due.
 Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
 So fair a good, to bring in Night a-new:
 Be not, O be not, accessary found
 Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid,
 In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
 Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
 Your father's bones, and could not keep them sure?
 And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
 And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
 A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
 Will all these mock'ries of vainglory rend,
 And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
 Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
 Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
 That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
 That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
 Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
 Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
 How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon when as the gazing passenger*
 Hath greedy look'd with admiration;

* *Whereon when as the gazing passenger, &c.*] Pope had a similar idea in his intended Ode on the Folly of Ambition, the sketch of which is preserved in Ruffhead, p. 424.

And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long ago:
Enquires and asks his fellow traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing, then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with Time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonder's wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Brittany, by magic course,
From giants hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight;

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory*
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

† And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That standst corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;

* *And then near Ambri plac'd in memory, &c.*] See Selden's Notes to Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Song 3, Mr. Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 53.

† A few lines of inferior merit are here omitted.

And art become a traitor to their name*,
That trusted thee with all the best they might ;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of Ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long foreliv'd thee, and shall long survive ;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage ;
Tho' Time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining Age ;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage ;
Pleading the heaven's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

Musophilus, by S. Daniel.

* *And art become a traitor to their name.*] Thus Drayton, speaking of the same place :

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory :
For all their wondrous cost, thou that hast serv'd them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we easily know.

Poly-Olbion, Song 3.

THE.

IDEA BEATIFICAL.

.....
 End and beginning of each thing that grows,
 Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows;
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear;
 • That no where is contain'd, and yet is every where.

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
 Before and after all, the first and last;
 That moving all is yet immoveable;
 Great without quantity, in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie,
 At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre made of light,
 No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmony;
 Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
 Or flow'ry odour mix'd with spicery,
 No soft embrace or pleasure bodily.
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest,

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume,
 A light unseen yet shines in every place;

A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter, an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace.

Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their compeers, whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Christ's Triumph, by G. Fletcher,
 Part II. stan. 39—42.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

TH' Egyptians, amidst their solemn feasts,
 Used to welcome and present their guests
 With the sad sight of man's anatomy,
 Serv'd in with this loud motto, ' All must die.'
 Fools often go about, when as they may
 Take better 'vantage of a nearer way,
 Look well into your bosoms : do not flatter
 Your known infirmities : behold, what matter
 Your flesh was made of. Man, cast back thine eye
 Upon the weakness of thine infancy ;
 See how thy lips hang on thy mother's breast
 Bawling for help, more helpless than a beast.
 Liv'st thou to childhood ? then behold what toys
 Do mock the sense, how shallow are thy joys.
 Com'st thou to downy years ? See how deceits
 Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits
 Slily beguile the prime of thine affection.
 Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection

Of ripen'd years? Ambition bath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand ; Discontent
Pays thee thy wages. Do thy grizly hairs
Begin to cast account of many cares
Upon thy head? The sacred lust of gold
Now fires thy spirit *, for fleshly lust too cold
Makes thee a slave to thine own base desire,
Which melts and hardens at the selfsame fire.
Art thou decrepit? then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each grief's a death.
Look where thou list, thy life is but a span,
Thou art but dust, and, to conclude,—a man.
Thy life's a warfare; thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edg'd weapon, patience is thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.

To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath ;
Who doth the first the day doth faintly yield,
And who the second basely flies the field.
Man's not a lawful steersman of his days,
His bootless wish nor hastens nor delays :
We are God's hired workmen ; he discharges
Some late at night, and (when he list) enlarges
Others at noon, and in the morning some :
None may relieve himself till he bid come :
If we receive for one half day as much
As they that toil till evening, shall we *grutch*?

Job Militant, by F. Quarles, Med. viii.

*the sacred lust of gold
Now fires thy spirit.] *Sacred* is here used in the sense of *accursed*, like the *auri sacra fames* of Virgil. *Æn.* III. 57.

THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

IMPLIED FROM ITS MOTION.



.....THE soul, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views :

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health ?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind ?

With this desire she hath a native might
To find out every truth if she had time ;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degree from cause to cause to climb.

t since our life so fast away doth slide*,
 doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
 as a ship transported with the tide,
 hich in their passage leave no print behind;

which swift little time so much we spend
 ile some few things we through the sense do strain,
 at our short race of life is at an end,
 e we the principles of skill attain.

Nosce Teipsum, by Sir John Davis, p. 68.

THE

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

OND man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 d here long seeks what here is never found !
 r all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
 th many forfeits and conditions bound;

Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due;

Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
 t daily we it break, then daily must renew.

But since our life so fast away doth slide, &c.] So, Pope:

Life's stream for observation will not stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
 On human actions reason though you can,
 It may be reason, but it is not man:
 His principles of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.

Epist. to Sir R. Temple.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
 At every loss against heav'n's face repining?
 Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
 With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
 There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
 And loving pelican in safety breeds;
 There shrieking satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide*,
 That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
 Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
 The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
 Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
 Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
 And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
 Or note of these great monarchies, we find:
 Only a fading verbal memory,
 And empty name in writ, is left behind:
 But when this second life and glory fades,
 And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
 A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
 Did all the world with hideous shape affray;

* *Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide, &c.]* Thus, Spenser
 in *The Ruines of Time*:

What now is of th' Assyrian lioness,
 Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
 What of the Persian bear's outrageousness,
 Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
 Who of the Grecian libbard now ought hears,
 That overran the East with greedy power,
 And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

Hughes's Edit. p. 9.

That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
 And trod down all the rest to dust and clay :
 His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands,
 And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands ;
 Back'd, bridled by a monk with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture, which with deathful wing
 O'ershadows half the earth*, whose dismal sight
 Frighted the muses from their native spring,
 Already stoops, and flags with weary flight,
 Who then shall hope for happiness beneath ;
 Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
 And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe ?

Purple Island, by P. Fletcher,
 Cant. VII. St. 2—7,

* *And that black vulture, which with deathful wing
 O'ershadows half the earth.*] Mr. Hayley, in his *Essay on History*, has a very bold and magnificent image of this kind. He is about to describe Livy :

Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame ;
 With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world
 In bright pre-eminence, &c. *Ep. I.*

FAITH.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
 Was but to win the world, whereby t' inherit
 The airy purchase of a transitory
 And *glozing* title of an age's glory;
 Would'st thou by conquest win more fame than he,
 Subdue thyself; thyself's a world to thee.
 Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted o'er
 With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floor
 Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery court,
 Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
 Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying,
 To still the fondlings of the world from crying;
 And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
 Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But would'st thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
 By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the sound
 Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the shrill
 Celestial quire, recorded with a quill
 Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel's wing,
 Confirm'd with joy by heaven's eternal king;
 Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel,
 And chace those false affections that rebel.
 Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?
 Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven thee
 Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom friend?
 Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?
 Despair's a whispering rebel, that within thee,
 Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again' thee:

Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
 If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee :
 Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
 And when Grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker dead.

* In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
 And bravely win thyself, heaven holds not out
 His bow for ever bent; the disposition
 Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,
 Exasperate the more: a gloomy night
 Whets on the morning to return more bright;
 † Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite of Fate,
 Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state †.
 But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood?
 Receives he glory from, or reaps he good
 In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
 To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?

May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
 Hath fram'd a vessel, search if it be sound?
 Or if, by furbishing, he take more pain
 To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
 Mortal, thou art but clay; then shall not he,
 That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
 Man, close thy lips; be thou no undertaker
 Of God's designs; dispute not with thy Maker.

Job Militant, by F. Quarles, Med. iii.

* Two lines are here omitted.

† Two lines are here omitted.

‡ *Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite of fate
 Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state.*] Blair has the same
 thought in his fine poem, *The Grave*, speaking of the death of the
 just man:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.

TO THE
HONOURABLE MR. W. E——.

HE who is good is happy ; let the loud
Artillery of heaven break through a cloud,
And dart its thunder at him ; he'll remain
Unmov'd, and nobler comfort entertain
In welcoming the approach of death, than vice
Ere found, in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age*,
Where we are left to satisfy the rage
Of threat'ning Death : pomp, beauty, wealth, and all
Our friendships, shrinking from the funeral.
The thought of this begets that brave disdain
With which thou view'st the world, and makes those vain
Treasures of fancy, serious fools so court,
And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
What should we covet here ? why interpose
A cloud 'twixt us and heaven ? kind nature chose
Man's soul th' Exchequer where she'd hoard her wealth,
And lodge all her rich secrets ; but by the stealth
Of our own vanity, w' are left so poor,
The creature merely sensual knows more.
The learned Halcyon by her wisdom finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds

* unflatter'd age.] A very original epithet.

Are silenc'd by a calm, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving, with wonder all our arts possest,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestow
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage ; while the sensitive
Part of the world in its first strength doth live.
Folly ! what dost thou in thy power contain
Deserves our study ? merchants plough the main,
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
By avarice in the possession poor.
And yet that idol Wealth we all admit
Into the soul's great temple ; busy Wit
Invents new orgies, Fancy frames new rites
To show its superstition ; anxious nights
Are watch'd to win its favour ; while the beast
Content with nature's courtesies doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soul, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative ; but thee
(Whom fortune hath exempted from the herd
Of vulgar men, whom virtue hath preferr'd
Far higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweet a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade
Of humble Quiet, my ambition paid
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name ;
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for virtuous love ;
Yet wish I thee, guided by better stars,
To purchase unsafe honour in the wars,
Or envied smiles at court ; for thy great race
And merits well may challenge th' highest place.

Yet know, what busy path soe'er you tread
To greatness, you must sleep among the dead *.

Castara, by W. Habington,
Edit. 1640.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue ;
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood ;
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is strait call'd in, and paid to-night.

*The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up ; the star is shot :
The flight is past, and man forgot.*

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 139.

* *Yet know, what busy path soe'er you tread
To greatness, you must sleep among the dead.*] How comprehensively, how plainly, yet how sublimely, hath Gray expressed this trite sentiment :

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Elegy.*

TO

MY NOBLEST FRIEND, J. C——, ESQ.

SIR,

I HATE the country's dirt and manners, yet
 I love the silence ; I embrace the wit
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
 But loath the expense, the vanity, and pride.
 No place each way is happy ; here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my ear unfold
 (After a due oath minister'd) the height
 And greatness of each star shines in the state,
 The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
 With others I commune *, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of foreign discord flow :
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
 Soon as they happen ; and by rote can tell
 Those German towns even puzzle me to spell ;
 The cross or prosperous fate of princes, they
 Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay ;
 And on each action comment with more skill
 Than upon Livy did old Machiavell.
 O, busy folly ! why do I my brain
 Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
 Or quick designs of France ? why not repair
 To the pure innocence of the country air,
 And neighbour thee, dear friend ? who so dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live

* *With others I commune.*] See note Vol. I. p. 102.

Blest, is to trace thy ways ; there, might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy ;
And, by the aid of leisure, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul ?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade,
Thy head upon some flow'ry pillow laid,
(Kind Nature's housewifery) contemplate all
His stratagems who labours to enthrall
The world to his great master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great, blood is too dear
A price for glory : honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works on the deluded sight.
The unbusied only wise : for no respect
Endangers them to error ; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title ; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things ; and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth, and arm against the rude
Assaults of age ; that no dull solitude
Of the country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
Of the town make us not think, where now we are
And whither we are bound ; Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numb' red not.

Castara, by W. Habington.

A

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds: embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd nor our own,
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:

Rich hated : wise suspected : scorn'd if poor :
 Great fear'd : fair tempted : high still env'y'd more :
 I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for neither
 Great, high, rich, wise nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
 Would beauty's queen entitle me ' The Fair,'
 Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
 Angels with India * ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb,
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs : be call'd great master
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives ;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves :
 Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring :
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears :

* could I vie
 Angels with India.] An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words *to vie angels*, are a periphrasis, and signify *to compare wealth*. See Sir J. Hawkins's note on the passage, Walton's Angler, p. 264. Cartwright uses the word *angels* :
 You shall ne'er know what *angels*, pieces, pounds,
 These names of want and beggary mean.

The Ordinary, Act II. Sc. iii.

Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy ;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

SIR H. WOTTON.

THE
SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

My glass is half unspent? forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouring minutes will be done
Without thy help; see! see how swift they run;
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial *, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day †! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lillies, which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

* *Read on this dial, &c.*] No poet whatever has introduced this circumstance with the happiness of Shakspeare, who compares the silent and almost imperceptible flight of beauty to the stealing shadow of a sun-dial. As the lines are in one of his minor poems, they may probably have escaped the notice of common readers:

Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand
Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

Poems, Constant Affection, Edit. 1640.

The verses are incorrect, but the idea is fine: the shadow steals from the dial's hand, and not the dial's hand from the shadow.

† *My short-lived winter's day.*] Dyer, in his well-known *Grongar Hill*, well denominates the smile of Fate,

A sun-beam in a winter's day.

For further observations on this piece, see Jackson's very elegant and sensible *Letters*, Vol. II. Let. xix.

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to wile
 The time away, or falsely to beguile
 My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

Quarles' *Emblems*, B. III. Emb. xiii.



O THAT THOU WOULDST HIDE ME IN THE GRAVE,
 THAT THOU WOULDST KEEP ME IN SECRET UNTIL
 THY WRATH BE PAST. PSALMS.



Al! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
 Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
 Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
 My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
 Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
 And seek protection in the shades of night?
 Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
 And find some desert; if she spring away,
 The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
 My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
 The stroke of Justice and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
 Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
 Where flame-ey'd Fury * means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee; 'till gentle Mercy show
 Her better eye, the further off we go,
 The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
 His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
 And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
 Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
 'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow †.

Quarles' *Emblems*.

ALL THINGS ARE VAIN.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning, brags in brightness of the
sun

As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest won:
 The time by day, gives place again to force of drowsy night,
 And every creature is constrain'd to change his lusty plight.

* flame-ey'd Fury.] An epithet highly original and fine. Shakspeare uses *fire-ey'd* Fury in his *Romeo and Juliet*.

† For further observations, see Jackson's *Letters*, Vol. II. *Let. xxx.* where both these particular pieces of Quarles were first more immediately brought forward to the public eye.

Of pleasure all that here we taste;
We feel the contrary at last.

In spring, though pleasant Zephyrus hath fruitful earth inspired,
And nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossoms brave attired:
Yet fruits and flowers, as buds and blooms, full quickly withered be,
When stormy winter comes to kill, the summer's jollity.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All things wherein we pleasure most.

Although the seas so calmly glide, as dangers none appear,
And doubt of storms, in sky is none, king Phœbus shines so clear:
Yet when the boist'rous winds break out, and raging waves do swell,
The *seely* bark now heaves to heaven, now sinks again to hell,
Thus change in ev'ry thing we see,
And nothing constant seems to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most unsure,
And he that chiefly tastes of joy, doth sometime woe endure:
Who vaunteth most of numb'red friends, forego them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liveliest blood, is turn'd at length to dust.
Experience gives a certain ground,
That certain here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remains, the bliss of heavens above,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storm, is able to remove,

Trust to that sure celestial rock, that rests in glorious throne,
 That hath been, is, and must be still, our anchor hold alone.
 The world is but a vanity,
 In heaven seek we our surety.

The Paradise of Dainty Devises,
 Fol. 18, 44, signed F. K*.

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I entomb my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
 To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last ; therefore I gladly trust

My body to the school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and finds his birth
 Written in dusty heraldry and lines.
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at *jeat*, and marble put for signs,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,

* Probably written by Francis Kinwelmershe, a contributor to the collection in which they appear, and a student of Gray's Inn. He assisted Gascoigne in his tragedy of *Jocasta*.

When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust ?
 Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
 And true descent : that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou may'st know
 That flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
 That measures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust, mark here below
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou may'st fit thyself against thy fall.

The Temple, by G. Herbert,
 p. 56, Edit. 1709.

AGAINST FOREIGN LUXURY.

AND now, ye British swains (whose harmless sheep
 Than all the world's beside I joy to keep),
 Which spread on every plain and hilly wold,
 Fleeces no less esteem'd than that of gold,
 For whose exchange one India gems of price,
 The other gives you of her choicest spice ;
 And well she may : but we unwise, the while,
 Lessen the glory of our fruitful isle ;
 Making those nations think we foolish are,
 For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,
 Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
 Except the sexton and physician.

And whether change of climes, or what it be,
 That proves our mariners' mortality,
 Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
 As might have made us lords of what is theirs.
 Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prize
 Your lives more high than such base trumperies;
 Forbear to fetch; and they'll go near to sue,
 And at your own doors offer them to you;
 Or have their woods and plains so overgrown
 With pois'nous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds unknown,
 That they would hire such weeders as you be
 To free their land from such fertility.
 Their spices hot their nature best endures,
 But 'twill impair and much distemper yours.
 What our own soil affords befits us best;
 And long, and long, for ever may we rest
 Needless of help! and may this isle alone
 Furnish all other lands, and this land none!

Britannia's Pastorals, by W. Browne,

B. II. Song iv.

OF

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flee the praise of courts, whereso they go,
 Rather than to live thrall under the awe
 Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
 To will and lust learning to set a law;

It is not, that because I storm or mock
 The power of them, whom Fortune here hath lent
 Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke;
 But true it is, that I have always meant
 Less to esteem them, than the common sort,
 Of outward things that judge in their intent,
 Without regard what inward doth resort:
 I grant, some time of Glory that the fire
 Doth touch my heart, me list not to report:
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
 But how may I this honour now attain,
 That cannot die the colour black a liar*?
 My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to feign,
 To cloak the truth, for praise, without desert,
 Of them that list all vice for to retain:
 I cannot honour them that set their part
 With Venus and Bacchus all their life long;
 Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
 I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
 To worship them like God on earth alone,
 That are as wolves these *sely* lambs among;
 I cannot with my words complain and moan,
 And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint,
 Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
 I cannot speak and look like a saint,
 Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,
 Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint:

* *But how may I this honour now attain*
That cannot, &c.] Thus Johnson:

Well may they rise; while I, whose rustic tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die. *London.*

I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
 With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
 And do most hurt where that most help I offer.
 I am not he that can allow the state
 Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,
 That with his death did 'scape out of the gate,
 From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie;
 And would not live where Liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the commonwealth apply.
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
 To make the crow in singing, as the swan;
 Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,
 That cannot take a mouse as the cat can,
 And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
 Passeth Apollo in music manifold,
 Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
 And scorn the story that the knight told.
 Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale,
 Grin when he laughs*, that beareth all the sway,
 Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;
 On others lust to hang both night and day.
 None of these Pains would ever frame in me;
 My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
 And much the less of things that greater be,
 That *asken* help of colours to devise,
 To join the mean with each extremity,
 With nearest virtue aye to cloak the vice;

* *Grin when he laughs, &c.*] So Johnson:

To shake with laughter ere the jest you hear,
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear:
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

London.

And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To press the virtue that it may not rise;
 As drunkenness good fellowship to call,
 The friendly foe with his fair double face,
 Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal;
 Affirm that Favill hath a goodly grace
 In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
 Zeal of Justice; and change in time and place:
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,
 Call him pitiful, and him true and plain
 That railleth *reckless* unto each man's shame*,
 Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign
 The lecher a lover, and tyranny
 To be right of a prince's reign,
 I cannot, I, no no, it will not be.
 This is the cause that I could never yet,
 Hang on their sleeves the weigh (as thou may'st see)
 A chip of chance, more than a pound of wit:
 This makes me at home to hunt and hawk,
 And in foul weather at my hook to sit,
 In frost and snow, then with my bow stalk,
 No man doth mark whereso I ride or go,
 In lusty *leas* at liberty I walk;
 And of these news I feel no weal no woe,
 Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel,
 No force for that, for that is ordered so,
 That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.
 I am not now in France to judge the wine,
 With savory sauce those delicacies to feel,

* and him true and plain,
That railleth reckless unto each man's shame.] Thus Horace:

..... at est truculentior, atque
 Plus æquo liber; simplex fortisque habeatur.

Lib. I. Sat. iii. l. 51.

Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
 Rather than to be, outwardly to seem,
 I meddle not with wits that be so fine,
 Nor Flanders cheer lets to my sight to deem,
 Of black and white, nor takes my wits away,
 With beastliness, such do those beasts esteem!
 Nor I am not, where truth is given in pay
 For money, prison, and treason: of some
 A common practice used night and day:
 But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
 Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme,
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
 Thou shalt be judge, how I do spend my time.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, Tottel's Edit.

THE

PLEASURES OF LITERARY RETIREMENT.

My free-born Muse will not, like Danæe, be
 Won with base dross to clip with slavery;
 Nor lend her choicer balm to worthless men,
 Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
 No: if I praise, Virtue shall draw me to it,
 And not a base procurement make me do it.
 What now I sing is but to pass away
 A tedious hour, as some musicians play;

ake another my own griefs bemoan;
be least alone when most alone.
s can I, as oft as I will choose,
sweet Content by my retired muse,
n a study find as much to please
hers in the greatest palaces.
man that lives (according to his power)
hat he loves bestows an idle hour;
id of hounds that make the wooded hills
in a hundred voices to the rills,
the pleasing cadence of a line
k by the concert of the sacred Nine.
u of hawks, the raptures of my soul
scend their pitch, and baser earths control.
unning horses, Contemplation flies
quickest speed to win the greatest prize.
ourtly dancing, I can take more pleasure
ear a verse keep time and equal measure.
winning riches, seek the best directions
I may well subdue mine own affections.
aising stately piles for heirs to come,
in this poem I erect my tomb.
time may be so kind, in these weak lines
eep my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
lded marble, or in brazen leaves:
verse preserves, when stone and brass deceives.
? (as worthless) Time not lets it live
hose full days which others Muses give,
I am sure I shall be heard and sung
most severest *eld*, and kinder young
nd my days, and *maugre* Envy's strife
to my name some hours beyond my life.
, of the Muses, are the able powers,
since with them I spent my vacant hours,

I find nor hawk, nor hound, nor other thing,
Tournays nor revels, (pleasures for a king)
Yield more delight; for I have oft possess'd
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expense, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleasures bought,

Britannia's Pastorals, by W. Browne,

B. II. Song iv.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH FILMER.

AN ELEGIACAL EPITAPH.

You that shall live awhile before
 Old Time tires, and is no more;
 When that this ambitious stone
 Stoops low as what it tramples on;
 Know that in that age when Sin
 Gave the world law, and govern'd queen,
 A virgin liv'd, that still put.....
 White thoughts, though out of fashion;
 That trac'd the stars spite of report,
 And durst be good, though chidden for't:
 Of such a soul heav'n
 Repented what it thus had giv'n;
 For finding equal happy man,
 Th' impatient pow'rs snatch'd it again;
 Thus chaste as th' air whither she's fled,
 She making her celestial bed
 In her warm alabaster lay
 As cold as in this house of clay;

Nor were the rooms unfit to feast
 Or circumscribe this angel-guest;
 The radiant gem was brightly set
 In as divine a *carkanet*;
 For which the clearer was not known,
 Her mind, or her complexion:
 Such an everlasting grace,
 Such a beatific face
 Incloisters here this narrow floor
 That possess'd all hearts before.
 Bless'd and bewail'd in death and birth!
 The smiles and tears of heav'n and earth!
 Virgins at each step are *afear'd*,
 Filmer is shot by which they steer'd,
 Their star extinct, their beauty dead
 That the young world to honour led;
 But see! the rapid spheres stand still,
 And tune themselves unto her will.
 Thus, although this marble must,
 As all things, crumble into dust,
 And though you find this fair-built tomb
 Ashes, as what lies in its womb;
 Yet her saint-like name shall shine
 A living glory to this shrine,
 And her eternal fame be read,
 When all, but very Virtue's dead*.

Lucasta, &c. by Richard Lovelace,
 Edit. 1649.

* *And her eternal fame be read,*
 When all but very Virtue's dead.] Somewhat in the manner of
 Collins:

Belov'd till life can charm no more;
 And mourn'd till *Pity's self* be dead.

Dirge in *Cymbeline*.

EPITAPH

ON

THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

THE Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone ; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth :
If any of them (reader) were
Known unto thee, shed a tear ;
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them ;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs, thine own hard case ;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn *.

T. Carew's *Poems*, p. 90,
Edit. 1640.

* I have always considered this Epitaph as Carew's masterpiece. The subject of it may possibly be the same person, to whose nuptials with Lord Charles Herbert, Davenant has inscribed some verses. P. 238, fol. edit.

ON

THE EARL OF DORSET'S DEATH.

LET no profane ignoble foot tread here,
This hallowed piece of earth, Dorset lies there :
A small poor relic of a noble spirit,
Free as the air, and ample as his merit :
A soul refin'd, no proud forgetting lord,
But mindful of mean names, and of his word :
Who lov'd men for his honour, not his ends,
And had the noblest way of getting friends
By loving first, and yet who knew the court,
But understood it better by report
Than practice : he nothing took from thence
But the king's favour for his recompence.
Who for religion, or his country's good,
Neither his honour valued, nor his blood.
Rich in the world's opinion, and men's praise,
And full in all we could desire, but days :
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him, or shed a tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a mourner at his funeral.

Poems, by Dr. Corbet, Bp. of Norwich,
p. 51, Edit. 1647.

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

OND wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
 nd worlds of pleasures, honours to devise*,
 wake, learn how that here thou art not great,
 or glorious; by this monument turn wise.

ne it enshrineth sprung of ancient stem,
 nd (if that blood nobility can make)
 rom which some kings have not disdain'd to take
 heir proud descent, a rare and matchless gem.

beauty here it holds, alas, too fast!
 han which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
 or morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd,
 h! too too like to morn and rose at last.

holds her who in Wit's ascendant far
 id years and sex transcend, to whom the heaven
 lore virtue than to all this age had given,
 or Virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star.

air Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,
 nd what those kings of numbers did conceive

* honours to devise.] The Edinb. edit. reads more
 operty, "honours dost devise."

The exclamation in the last line of this piece is particularly in
 rummond's best manner.

By Muses nine, and Graces more than three,
 Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.
 Thus Death all earthly glories doth confound,
 Lo! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

Drummond's *Poems*, p. 198,
 Edit. 1656, 8vo.

AN

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PHILARETE,

MR. THOMAS MANWOOD, THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND, AND
 SON OF SIR PETER MANWOOD, KNT.*

UNDER an aged oak was Willy laid,
 Willy, the lad who *whilome* made the rocks
 To ring with joy whilst on his pipe he play'd,
 And from their masters wooed the neighb'ring flocks;
 But now, o'ercome with dolours deep
 That nigh his heart-strings rent,
 Ne car'd he for his silly sheep,
 Ne car'd for merriment.
 But chang'd his wonted walks
 For uncouth paths unknown,
 Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
 And echo rue his moan.

* Sylvester inscribes a Hymn "to the worthy friend of worthiness,
 Sir Peter Manwood, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath."
 The father probably of Browne's friend. P. 561, fol. edit.

Autumn it was, when droop'd the sweetest flowers,
 And rivers (swoln with pride) o'erlook'd the banks,
 Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,
 And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-ranks,
 The pleasant meadows sadly lay
 In chill and cooling sweats,
 By rising fountains, or as they
 Fear'd winter's wasteful threats.
 Against the broad-spread oak
 Each wind in fury bears;
 Yet fell their leaves not half so fast
 As did the shepherd's tears*.

* *Against the broad-spread oak*

Each wind in fury bears;

Yet fell their leaves not half so fast

As did the shepherd's tears.] In mere unimpassioned description, similes which are derived from foreign and remote objects are frequently used with success; for at the same time that they afford the writer an opportunity of showing his knowledge, they enrich and add a variety to poetry, that it might not have attained by any other means. Yet in pathetic situations, when they immediately arise from the subject itself, or some collateral branch of it, they convey the most direct and unequivocal illustration, with a conciseness and expression truly admirable. But how frequent is the practice, even with our best writers, in situations the most pathetic, and in narratives the most urgent and interesting, coolly to take leave of their subject, for the sake of introducing a comparison of perhaps ten or twelve lines! The consequence is, that our former sympathy is thoroughly destroyed, and after toiling through the lines in question, we are left to recal our attention, associate our distracted ideas, and recover the lost tone of our feelings at our leisure, which is by this time, most probably, totally out of our power. In such cases, a simile taken from the ground of the piece (if I may be allowed the expression), by confining our attention wholly to the subject, and by giving us what we want, without obliging us to wander in quest of it, would, in three words, almost have completely answered the end of the poet. I will subjoin an instance or two of this comprehensive kind of illustration. Mallet thus describes the father of Edwin:

The father too, a sordid man,

Who love nor pity knew,

Was all unfeeling as the clod

From whence his riches grew. — *Edw. and Emma.*

As was his seat so was his gentle heart,
 Meek and dejected, but his thoughts as high
 As those aye-wand'ring lights, who both impart
 Their beams on us, and heaven still beautify.

Sad was his look (O heavy fate!

That swain should be so sad,
 Whose merry notes the forlorn mate
 With greatest pleasure clad)

Broke was his tuneful pipe

That charm'd the crystal floods*:
 And thus his grief took airy wings,
 And flew about the woods.

' Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
 And Night too sparing of a wished stay;
 Ye wand'ring lamps, O be ye fix'd a space!
 Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.

Great Phœbus! Daphne is not here,

Nor Hyacinthus fair;

Phœbe! Endymion and thy dear

Hath long since cleft the air.

Above all others, perhaps Collins affords one of the most beautiful specimens, in lines that few have read without emotion. Zara exclaims:

' Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!

Yet as thou go'st may ev'ry blast arise

Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!

Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,

No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'

Eclogue II.

* *Broke was his tuneful pipe*

That charm'd the crystal floods.] Thus Milton, in the finest vein of poetry:

Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal. *Comus, 494.*

But ye have surely seen
 (Whom we in sorrow miss)
 A swain whom Phœbe thought her love,
 And Titan deemed his.

He is gone ; then inwards turn your light,
 Hold him there ; here never shall you more
 Exchange this sad plain with eternal night !
 Change the gaudy green she *whilome* wore
 To fenny black. Hyperion great
 To ashy paleness turn her !
 Green well befits a lover's heat,
 But black beseems a mourner.
 Yet neither this thou can'st,
 Nor see his second birth,
 His brightness blinds thine eye more now,
 Than thine did his on earth.

Not a shepherd on our hapless plains
 He notes of glee, as used were of yore :
 Philarete is dead, let mirthful strains
 In Philarete cease for evermore !
 And if a fellow swain do live
 A niggard of his tears ;
 The shepherdesses all will give,
 To store him, part of theirs.
 Or I would lend him some,
 But that the store I have
 Will all be spent before I pay
 The debt I owe his grave.

What is left can make me leave to moan !
 What remains but doth increase it more ?

Look on his sheep; alas! their master's gone.
 Look on the place where we two heretofore
 With locked arms have vow'd our love,
 (Our love, which time shall see
 In shepherds' songs for ever move,
 And grace their harmony)
 It solitary seems.
 Behold our flow'ry beds;
 Their beauties fade, and violets
 For sorrow hang their heads*.

'Tis not a cypress bough, a count'nance sad,
 A mourning garment, wailing elegy,
 A standing hearse in sable vesture clad,
 A tomb built to his name's eternity.
 Although the shepherds all should strive
 By yearly obsequies,
 And vow to keep thy fame alive
 In spite of destinies,
 That can suppress my grief;
 All these, and more, may be,
 Yet all in vain to recompense
 My greatest loss of thee.

* and violets

For sorrow hang their heads.] Milton, instead of representing the vegetable creation as affected at the death of his friend, with superior judgment calls for the several flowers

To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

Among which he mentions

The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head, &c.

L. 145.

Milton is fanciful, yet affecting; Browne puerile and disgusting.

ress may fade, the countenance be chang'd,
 ument rot, an elegy forgotten,
 arse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
 omb pluck'd down, or else through age be rotten:

All things th' impartial hand of Fate

Can raze out with a thought:

These have a sev'ral fixed date,

Which ended, turn to nought.

Yet shall my truest cause

Of sorrow firmly stay,

When these effects the wings to Time

Shall fan and sweep away.

As a sweet rose fairly budding forth
 prays her beauties to the enamour'd morn,
 il some keen blast from the envious North
 is the sweet bud that was but newly born,

Or else her rarest smells delighting

Make her herself betray,

Some white and curious hand inviting

To pluck her thence away.

So stands my mournful case,

For had he been less good,

Yet (uncorrupt) he had kept the stock

Whereon he fairly stood.

t though so long he liv'd not as he might,
 had the time appointed to him given.
 o liveth but the space of one poor night,
 s birth, his youth, his age is in that even.

Whoever doth the period see

Of days by heav'n forth plotted,

Dies full of age, as well as he

That had more years allotted.

In sad tones then my verse
Shall with incessant tears
Bemoan my hapless loss of him,
And not his want of years.

In deepest passions of my grief-swol'n breast
(Sweet soul!) this only comfort seizeth me,
That so few years should make thee so much blest,
And gave such wings to reach eternity.

Is this to die? no, as a ship
Well built, with easy wind
A lazy hulk doth far outstrip,
And soonest harbour find :
So Philarete fled,
Quick was his passage given,
When others must have longer time
To make them fit for heaven.

Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But as the nightingale against the *breer*,
'Tis for myself I moan, and do lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here :

Here, where without thee all delights
Fail of their pleasing power :
All glorious days seem ugly nights,
Methinks no April shower
Embroider should the earth,
But briny tears distil,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

And ye his sheep (in token of his lack)
Whilome the fairest flock on all the plain,

an never lamb, but be it cloth'd in black.

shady sycamores ! when any swain

To carve his name upon your rind

Doth come, where his doth stand

Shed drops, if he be so unkind

To raze it with his hand.

And thou, my loved Muse,

No more should'st numbers move,

But that his name should ever live,

And after death my love.

is said, he sigh'd, and with o'er-drowned eyes

z'd on the heavens for what he miss'd on earth ;

en from the earth, full gladly 'gau arise

far from future hope, as present mirth,

Unto his cot with heavy pace

As ever sorrow trode,

He went, with mind no more to trace

Where mirthful swains abode ;

And as he spent the day

The night he past alone ;

Was never shepherd lov'd more dear,

Nor made a truer moan.

The Shepherd's Pipe, by W. Browne,

Ecl. iv.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, BARON OF
EFFINGHAM,

WHO DIED DECEMBER 10, 1615.

I DID not know thee, lord, nor do I strive
To win access, or grace, with lords alive ;
The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour ; nor a greater man :
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no penance warns, nor portion spent,
To these I dedicate as much of me
As I can spare from my own husbandry :
And till ghosts walk, as they were wont to do,
I trade for some, and do these errands too.
But first I do inquire, and am assur'd
What trials in their journies they endur'd ;
What certainties of honour and of worth
Their most uncertain lifetimes have brought forth :
And whoso did least hurt of this small store,
He is my patron, died he rich or poor.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When flattery and envy both do cease)
Who rul'd his actions ; reason, or my lord ?
Did the whole man rely upon a word,
A badge of title ; or above all chance,
Seem'd he as ancient as his cognizance ?

What did he? acts of mercy, and refrain
 Oppression in himself, and in his train?
 Was his essential table full as free
 As boasts and invitations use to be?
 Where if his russet-friend did chance to dine,
 Whether his sattin-man would fill him wine?
 Did he think perjury as lov'd a sin,
 Himself forsworn, as if his slave had been?
 Did he seek regular pleasures? was he known
 Just husband of one wife, and she his own?
 Did he give freely without pause or doubt,
 And read petitions ere they were worn out?
 Or should his well-deserving client ask,
 Would he bestow a tilting or a mask
 To keep need virtuous? and that done, not fear
 What lady damn'd him for his absence there?
 Did he attend the court for no man's fall?
 Wore he the ruin of no hospital?
 And when he did his rich apparel don,
 Put he no widow nor an orphan on*?

* *Did he attend the court for no man's fall?*

Wore he the ruin of no hospital?

And when he did his rich apparel don,

Put he no widow, nor an orphan on?] The most finished character of detestation we have, is Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. The following part of a dialogue will give the reader some insight into his exquisite talents for mischief.

Lovell. Are you not frightened with the imprecations and curses of whole families, made wretched by your sinister practices?

Overreach. Yes, as rocks are,

When foamy billows split themselves against

Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,

When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.

I'm of a solid temper, and like these

Steer on a constant course. With mine own sword,

If call'd into the field, I can make that right,

Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.

Did he love simple virtue for the thing?
 The King for no respect but for the King?
 But above all, did his religion wait
 Upon God's throne, or on the chair of state?
 He that is guilty of no query here,
 Outlasts his epitaph, outlives his heir.
 But there is none such, none so little bad,
 Who but ~~this~~ negative goodness ever had?
 Of such a lord we may expect the birth,
 He's rather in the womb than on the earth.
 And 'twere a crime in such a public fate
 For one to live well and degenerate;
 And therefore I am angry when a name
 Comes to upbraid the world like Effingham.
 Nor was it modest in thee to depart
 To thy eternal home, where now thou art,
 Ere thy reproach was ready; or to die,
 Ere custom had prepar'd thy calumny.

Now, for those other piddling complaints
 Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbour's right; or grand incloser
 Of what was common, to my private use:
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
 Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

New Way to pay Old Debts, Act IV. Sc. i.

In the last scene of the same play, the distresses that he had occasioned take fast hold of his conscience, and give rise to the following terribly sublime exclamation:

I'll fall to execution—ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn, &c.

Eight days have past since thou hast paid thy debt
To sin, and not a libel stirring yet ;
Courtiers, that scoff by patent, silent sit,
And have no use of slander or of wit ;
But (which is monstrous) though against the tide,
The watermen have neither rail'd nor ly'd.
Of good and bad there's no distinction known,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seems we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are careful to increase
Our title, by the holding of some lease
From thee our landlord, and for that th' whole crew
Speak now like tenants ready to renew.
It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath disorder'd all, misplacing thee ;
Whilst now thy herald in his line of heirs
Blots out thy name, and fills the space with tears.
And thus hath conq'ring death, or nature, rather,
Made thee, prepost'rous, ancient to thy father,
Who grieves th' art so, and like a glorious light
Shines o'er thy hearse : he therefore that would write
And blaze thee thoroughly, may at once say all,
' Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral !'
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.

Bp. Corbet's *Poems*, p. 22.

ELEGY ON DR. AILMER.

No, no, he is not dead ; the mouth of Fame,
 Honour's shrill herald, would preserve his name,
 And make it live, in spite of death and dust,
 Were there no other heaven, no other trust.
 He is not dead : the sacred Nine deny
 The soul that merits fame should ever die :
 He lives ; and when the latest breath of fame
 Shall want her trump to glorify a name,
 He shall survive, and these self-closed eyes
 That now lie slumb'ring in the dust shall rise ;
 And, fill'd with endless glory, shall enjoy
 The perfect vision of eternal joy.

By F. Quarles, El. xiii, subjoined to *Sion's*
Elegies, Edit. 1630.

ON THE
DEATH OF A SCOTCH NOBLEMAN.

FAME, register of Time,
 Write in thy scroll, that I,
 Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
 Was cropped in my prime :
 And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die*.

Drummond's *Poems*, 8vo. p. 203.

* In this little piece, of five lines only, there is a certain Greekness (if I may be allowed the expression) that will not fail of capti-

MORS TUA.

METHINKS I see the nimble aged sire
 ass swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire ;
 pon his head an hour-glass he wears,
 nd in his wrinkled hand* a scythe he bears,
 both instruments, to take the lives from men)
 h' one shows with what, the other showeth when.
 lethinks I hear the doleful passing-bell,
 etting an onset on his louder knell ;
 This moody music of impartial Death
 'ho dances after, dances out of breath).
 lethinks I see my dearest friends lament,
 'ith sighs and tears, and woeful *dryriment*,
 y tender wife and children standing by,
 ewing the death-bed whereupon I lie :

ting every reader of true taste. We may justly apply on this
 sion a sentence of Dryden, who says, "The sweetest essences are
 ways confined in the smallest glasses." Dedication to his *Æneid*.

* *And in his wrinkled hand.*] What a degree of animation and
 e is often thrown into a line by a single picturesque and natural
 ithet ! In this respect, Shakspeare leaves all other poets far behind.
 instance only in a single passage. Henry the Fifth, in his prayer
 fore the battle of Agincourt, says,

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their *wither'd* hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood. Act IV. Sc. v.

lter the epithet *withered* to almost any other, and you instantly de-
 oy the picture. For an epithet equally striking, see Vol. XVIII.
 , applied to old age :

His *wither'd* fist still knocking at Death's door.

Methinks I hear a voice (in secret) say,
 ' Thy glass is run, and thou must die to-day * !'

Pentelogia, by F. Quarles, Edit. 1630.

UPON THE

DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

WRITTEN WITH THE POINT OF HIS SWORD.

GREAT, good, and just ! could I but rate
 My grief to thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,
 As it should deluge once again.
 But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
 More from Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
 I'll sing thee obsequies with trumpet sounds,
 And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds.

MONTROSE.

Printed amongst *Poems* by J. Cleaveland,
 Edit. 1665. See likewise *A Choice Col-
 lection of Comic and Serious Scots
 Poems*. Edinb. 1713.

* *Methinks I hear a voice*, &c.] There is an alarming solemnity in the conclusion of these lines, that reminds us of Tickell's justly popular ballad :

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay, &c. *Lucy and Colin.*

ELEGY

UPON THE HONOURABLE HENRY CAMPBELL,

SON TO THE EARL OF AYR.

IT's false arithmetic to say thy breath
 Expir'd too soon, or irreligious death
 Profan'd thy holy youth ; for if thy years
 Be number'd by thy virtues or our tears*,
 Thou didst the old Methusalem outlive.
 Though Time but twenty years account can give
 Of thy abode on earth, yet every hour
 Of thy brave youth by virtue's wondrous power
 Was lengthen'd to a year ; each well-spent day
 Keeps young the body, but the soul makes grey.
 Such miracles work goodness ; and behind
 Thou'st left to us such stories of thy mind
 Fit for example ; that when them we read,
 We envy earth the treasure of the dead.
 Why do the sinful riot, and survive
 The fevers of their surfeits ? Why alive
 Is yet disorder'd greatness, and all they
 Who the loose laws of their wild blood obey ?
 Why lives the gamester, who doth black the night
 With cheats and imprecations ? Why is light

* for if thy years
 Be number'd by thy virtues or our tears, &c.] So Young :
 Methuselems may die at twenty-one.

Look'd on by those whose breath may poison it ;
 Who sold the vigour of their strength and wit
 To buy diseases : and thou, who fair truth
 And virtue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But I'll not question fate : heaven doth convey
 Those first from the dark prison of their clay
 Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in war
 Hadst ta'en degrees, those dangers felt, which are
 The props on which peace safely dost subsist,
 And through the cannons' blue and horrid mist
 Hadst brought her light ; and now wert so complete,
 That nought but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soul to thee,
 And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not ; 'twas we
 Who died, robb'd of thy life : in whose increase
 Of real glory, both in war and peace,
 We all did share : and thou away we fear
 Didst with thee the whole stock of honour bear.
 Each then be his own mourner : we'll to thee
 Write hymns, upon the world an elegy.

Castara, by W. Habington.

THE EXEQUY.

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
 Instead of dirges, this complaint ;
 And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
 Receive a strew of weeping verse
 From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
 Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look
Though almost blind, for thee (lov'd clay)
I languish out, not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes:
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, only this
My exercise and bus'ness is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set,
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day, (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past)
And I remember must, in tears,
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours; by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanack.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime,

Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'st promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shroud
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much bless'd as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our soul's bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each others sight.

Meantime, thou hast her, earth: much good
May my harm do thee! since it stood
With heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her, whom living I lov'd best:
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrin'd doth lie:
See that thou make thy reck'ning straight,
And yield her back again by weight;

For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer *him* that lent,
Not gave, thee my dear monument;
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours sail,
Than when sleep breath'd his drowsy gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the van first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die

Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort, Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 57.

OF

MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compil'd
The songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,
Which like a flow'r crush'd with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heav'nly dew?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.

O may that sound be rooted in my mind
 Of which in him such strong effect I find.
 Dear lord, receive my son, whose winning love
 To me was like a friendship, far above
 The course of nature, or his tender age,
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage;
 Let his pure soul, ordain'd sev'n years to be
 In that frail body, which was part of me,
 Remain my pledge in heav'n, as sent to show,
 How to this port at ev'ry step I go.

Sir John Beaumont's *Poems*.



THE

FUNERALS OF THE HON. GEO. TALBOT, ESQ.

MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN.



Go, stop the swift wing'd moments in their flight
 To their yet unknown coast; go, hinder night
 From its approach on day, and force day-rise
 From the fair east of some bright beauty's eyes:
 Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
 It hath no power, for mine from his black hearse
 Redeems not Talbot, who, cold as the breath
 Of winter, coffin'd lies; silent as death,
 Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an ear
 To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.

For had thy life been by thy virtues spun
 Out to a length, thou hadst outliv'd the sun,
 And clos'd the world's great eye : or were not all
 Our wonders fiction, from thy funeral
 Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
 The conqueror o'er Death, inspir'd by me.
 But all we poets glory in is vain
 And empty triumph : Art cannot regain
 One poor hour lost, nor rescue a small fly
 By a fool's finger destinate* to die.
 Live then in thy true life (great soul), for set
 At liberty by Death thou owest no debt
 T' exacting Nature : live, freed from the sport
 Of time and fortune, in yon starry court
 A glorious potentate, while we below
 But fashion ways to mitigate our woe.
 We follow camps, and to our hopes propose
 Th' insulting victor ; not rememb'ring those
 Dismember'd trunks who gave him victory
 By a loath'd fate : we covetous merchants be,
 And to our aims pretend treasure and sway,
 Forgetful of the treasons of the sea.
 The shootings of a wounded conscience
 We patiently sustain to serve our sense
 With a short pleasure ; so we empire gain,
 And rule the fate of business, the sad pain
 Of action we condemn, and the affright
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.
 Our joys false apparitions, but our fears
 Are certain prophecies, and till our ears
 Reach that celestial music, which thine now
 So cheerfully receive, we must allow

* destinate to die.] One would suppose it a
destined.

No comfort to our griefs: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Castara, by W. Habington.

ON

TWO CHILDREN DYING OF ONE DISEASE,

AND BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entombed are:
One place, one sire, one womb their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave;
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their parents' tears
This comfort mingles; though their days were few
They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew*:

* *though their days were few*
They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew.] A consolation of the
same nature we find in the following exquisite Epigram of Lucian:

Παῖδά μὲ πηλαίτηρον, ἀνοδία θυμὸν ἔχοντα,
Νόσῳτ' Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε Καλλίμαχον.
'Αλλά μὲ μὴ Κλαίῳσι, καὶ γὰρ Βίοντος μετίσχει
Παύρον, καὶ παύρων τῶν Βίοντος κακῶν. *Anth.*

Pactum me quinquennem curarum expertus pectus habentem
Immitis Orcus rapuit Callimachum:
At ne me lugeas, etenim vitæ particeps fui
Medicæ, et paucorum vitæ malorum.

So that they well might boast, they carried hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence.

You pretty losses, that revive the fate
Which in your mother Death did antedate,
O let my high-swoln grief distil on you
The saddest drops of a parental dew:
You ask no other dower than what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have discharg'd that mournful score,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 60.

TO THE
MEMORY OF BEN. JONSON,
LAUREAT.

FATHER of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upward towards thy name:
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access:
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those
Who hide and cover what they should disclose,
Yet where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
 Free filling spirit takes its flight with thine?
 Men may have fury, but no raptures now,
 Like witches charm, yet not know whence, nor how,
 And through distemper grown not strong, but fierce,
 Instead of writing, only rave in verse*;
 Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd
 'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
 So well present, and show man unto man,
 That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
 Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
 Where one so showing life to life, that we
 Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee;
 Manners were themes, and to thy scenes still flow
 In the same stream, and are their comments now;
 These times thus living o'er thy models, we
 Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;
 And though we know the character, nay and swear
 A sybil's finger hath been busy there.
 Things common thou speak'st proper†, which though known
 For public, stamp'd by thee, grow thence thine own;
 Thy thought's so ordered, so express'd, that we
 Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see:
 Language so master'd that thy numerous feet
 Laden with genuine words do always meet
 Each in his art, nothing unfit doth fall,
 Showing the poet, like the wise men, all.

* *Instead of writing, only rave in verse.*] This is what Pope calls
 "rhyming with all the rage of impotence." *Essay on Criticism*,
 l. 612.

† *Things common thou speak'st proper.*] A very difficult branch
 of the art to manage with dexterity, which Horace has remarked:

Difficile est propriè communia dicere. De Art. Poet. 128.

Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write, as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things *, which we
Conceive or show, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here or there,
But like the soul is wholly every where;
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot:
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
Which ties and runs through all that's done or said;
No power comes down with learned hat or rod,
Wit only and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easy to gild gold, there's small skill spent
Where e'en the first rude mass is ornament;
Thy Muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated and beat, and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, fil'd roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness;
Be it thy glory then that we may say,
Thou run'st where the foot was hind' red by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain;
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say and their friends too:
Pumping themselves for one term's noise so dry
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age;
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shown,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

* *That life, that Venus of all things.*] Probably immediately taken from Horace:

Ordinis hæc virtus erit et Venus. De Art. Poet. 42.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd as we
 May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
 No name on any basis; 'tis thy skill
 To strike the vice, but spare the person still:
 As he who, when he saw the serpent wreath'd *
 About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
 Drink in his soul, did so the shoot contrive,
 To kill the beast, but keep the child alive;
 So dost thou aim thy darts, which even when
 They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
 Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
 Thy lancements better than another's cure;
 And justly too, for th' age grows more unsound
 From the fool's balsam, than the wise man's wound †.

No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no page
 Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
 No bargaining line there; no provocative verse;
 Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
 No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
 The plea of strict life for a looser Muse;
 No woman rul'd thy quill: we can descry
 No verse born under any Cynthia's eye;

* *As he who, when he saw the serpent wreath'd, &c.*] The name of the archer here alluded to is Alcon. The following is Servius's note in a folio edition of Virgil, printed at Paris, 1500. See Eclogue xi. 5. "Alcon is Cretensis est Sagittarius: et cum draco ejus puerum complexus est, adeo sua arte temperavit ictum sagittæ, ut in dracone transfixo consideret, neque ad puerum perveniret." According to the common Delphin edition, the child's name was Phaleris. But this story cannot, without the utmost absurdity, be applied to the shepherd in Virgil, called Alcon, which, without doubt, was a common-place proper name for a pastoral character. See an Epigram on this story in Brunck's *Analecta*, Vol. I. p. 167.

† *the age grows more unsound*
From the fool's balsam, than the wise man's wound.] See Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, from line 575 to 580.

Thy star was judgment only and right sense,
 Thyself being to thyself an influence :
 Stout beauty is thy grace ; stern pleasures do
 Present delights, but mingle horrors too :
 Thy Muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
 With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry thy lamp did drink
 More oil than th' author wine while he did think ?
 We do embrace their slander ; thou hast writ
 Not for dispatch, but fame ; no market wit ;
 'Twas not thy care that it might pass and sell,
 But that it might endure, and be done well ;
 Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
 Until the file would not make smooth, but wear :
 Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give ;
 Born not to feed the author, but to live :
 Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
 To make thee read a classic in thy life,
 Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
 Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
 Write not to time, but to the poet's day ;
 There's difference between fame and sudden pay :
 These men sing kingdoms false, as if that Fate
 Us'd the same force to a village and a state ;
 These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
 As if it only had a salad been ;
 Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
 Not to the fame of battle but of prize.
 But thou still put'st true passions on ; dost write
 With the same courage that try'd captains fight ;
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things ;
 Low without creeping *, high without loss of wings ;

* *Low without creeping*, &c.] Thus Denham, in his popular lines, addressing the Thames :

Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
 Big without swelling, without painting, fair ;
 They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Are not wits, but materials of wit.
 What though thy searching Muse did rake the dust
 Of time, and purge old metals of their rust ?
 Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
 Snatch shipwrecks from the deep as divers do ?
 And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
 Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land ?
 What though thy culling Muse did rob the store
 Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'er
 Plants to thy native soil ? their virtues were
 Improv'd far more, by being planted here :
 If thy still to their essence doth refine
 So many drugs, is not the water thine ?
 Thefts thus become just works ; they and their grace
 Are wholly thine ; thus doth the stamp and face
 Make that the king's that's ravish'd from the mine ;
 In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.

Bless'd life of authors, unto whom we owe
 Those that we have, and those that we want too ;
 Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
 And to have writ so well's thine only curse ;
 Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
 That servile base dependence upon Fate ;

O could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme ;
 Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Cooper's Hill.

See an excellent parody of these lines in the *Dunciad*, Book iii.
 l. 169.

Success thou ne'er thought'st virtue, nor that fit
Which chance, or th' age's fashion, did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after-time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air, styl'd name
What was but noise, and getting briefs for fame
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence :
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by their writing knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before :
Thine art was thine acts blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thee less :
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill;
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame as once thy word :
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, and now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast,
Like curing gold, most valu'd now thou 'rt lost;
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;

Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and *Poetry*, which now are gone*.

Plays and Poems, by W. Cartwright,
Edit. 1651.

UPON

THE EARL OF COVENTRY'S DEPARTURE FROM
US TO THE ANGELS.

SWEET babe! whose birth inspir'd me with a song,
And call'd my Muse to trace thy days along;
Attending riper years, with hope to find
Such brave endeavours of thy noble mind,
As might deserve triumphant lines, and make
My forehead bold a laurel crown to take:
How hast thou left us, and this earthly stage,
(Not acting many months) in tender age?
Thou cam'st into this world a little spy;
Where all things that could please the ear and eye
Were set before thee, but thou found'st them toys,
And flew'st with scornful smiles t' eternal joys:

* There is a masculine flow of good sense in this panegyric, that places Cartwright very high both as a poet and a critic. It appeared first in the *Virbius*; or, *The Memorie of Ben. Jonson* revived by the *Friends of the Muses*, Lond. 1638. The verses without a signature, page 27, are very excellent: they are also to be found in the *Miscellaneous Pieces* subjoined to *Cleiveland's Poems*, p. 80. Lond. 1668.

No visage of grim Death is sent t' affright
 Thy spotless soul, nor darkness blinds thy sight ;
 But lightsome angels with their golden wings
 O'erspread thy cradle, and each spirit brings
 Some precious balm, for heavenly physic meet,
 To make the separation soft and sweet.
 The spark infus'd by God departs away,
 And bids the earthly weak companion stay
 With patience in that nurs'ry of the ground,
 Where first the seeds of Adam's limbs were found :
 For time shall come when these divided friends
 Shall join again, and know no several ends,
 But change this short and momentary kiss
 To strict embraces of celestial bliss.

Sir John Beaumont's *Poems*.

ON

LADY KATHARINE PASTON,

WHO DIED MARCH 10, 1628.

CAN man be silent, and not praises find
 For her who liv'd the praise of womankind ;
 Whose outward frame was lent the world, to guess
 What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness ;
 Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,
 That her whole life was a communion-day ?

From the Church of Paston, Norfolk.

ON

ELEANOR FREEMAN,

WHO DIED 1650, AGED TWENTY-ONE.

A VIRGIN blossom in her May
Of youth and virtues, turn'd to clay;
Rich earth accomplish'd with those graces
That adorn saints in heavenly places.
Let not Death boast his conquering power,
She'll rise a star, that fell a flower!

From the Church of Tewkesbury,
Gloucestershire.

ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

NEAR to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Chloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the most happy swains
That keep their flocks on mountains, dales, or plains:
For oft she bore the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and bosom did him warm;
Now when unkindly fates did him destroy,
Bless'd dog, he had the grace,
With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

Drummond's *Poems*, p. 203, 8vo.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

TO

THE QUEEN,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY.

FAIR as unshaded light ; or as the day
 In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
 Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
 Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew ;
 Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
 Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard :
 Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
 Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are* ;

* It were difficult to produce, from the whole mass of Davenant's poetry, fourteen successive lines of such ease and uninterrupted sweetness of flow. Pope seems to have been fully sensible of their merit :

Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd, &c.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow. POPE.

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
 Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are. DAVENANT.

Thus Pope :

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven. Eloisa.

Davenant seems to have been fond of this idea ; he has it again in his Gondibert :

Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour. Cant. viii.

You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green.
You come as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much-injur'd sphere,
And t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Sir W. Davenant's *Works*, p. 218,
1673, fol.

LOVE.

LOVE's sooner felt than seen ; his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies :
Oft in the eyes he spreads the subtle *gin*,
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear ; fly fast, my Thomalin :
Who him encounters once for ever dies.

But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear,
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire ;
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair*,
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire :

* *Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair.*] Randolph, in some

Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear,
 And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire:
 Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
 Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
 When Love, and Virtue's self become the darts of Love?

Piscatory Eclogues, by P. Fletcher,
 Ecl. vi. stan. 12, 13, Edit. 1633.

JEALOUSY.

O JEALOUSY! daughter of Envy and Love,
 Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;
 Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t' improve;
 Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar;
 Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire:
 Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee;
 Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
 Condemning trembling passions to our heart:
 Hundred-ey'd Argus, ever-waking spy,
 Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
 Envious observer, prying in every part:

humorous verses inscribed "To his well-timb' red *Mistress*," gives the following directions:

Then place the garret of her head above,
Thatch'd with a yellow hair to keep in love.

P. 126, Edit. 1643.

Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee ;
O would to God that love could be without thee !

Complaint of Rosamond, by S. Daniel,
Poetical Works, Vol. I. p. 51,
Edit. 1718.

A

VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY,

HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen,
In presence press'd of people, mad or wise :
Set me in high or yet in low degree,
In longest night or in the shortest day ;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be,
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray :
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
In *thrall*, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good :
Hers will I be, and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

EARL OF SURREY.

TO

A—— L——.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

STARVE not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail,
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun:
Most fleeting when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when their summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.

T. Carew's *Poem*

HUE AND CRY AFTER CHLORIS.

TELL me, ye wand'ring spirits of the air,
 Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair
 Than beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet
 Than stol'n content ? If such an one you meet,
 Wait on her hourly wheresoe'er she flies,
 and cry, and cry, Amyntor for her absence dies.

Go search the vallies ; pluck up ev'ry rose,
 You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those ;
 Fish, fish for pearl or coral, there you'll see
 How oriental all her colours be.
 Go call the echoes to your aid, and cry,
 hloris, Chloris ; for that's her name for whom I die.

But stay awhile, I have inform'd you ill,
 Were she on earth she had been with me still :
 Go fly to heav'n, examine ev'ry sphere,
 And try what star hath lately lighted there ;
 If any brighter than the sun you see,
 all down, fall down and worship it, for that is she*.

Select Airs. Printed for J. Playford,
 1659.

* These verses are somewhat on the plan of Tasso's *Amore Fuggivo*, who was indebted to the first Idyllium of Moschus. See an elegant paraphrase of this in Crashaw's *Delights of the Muses*, p. 110, edit. 1670. Likewise the *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, by Ben Jonson, in his *Masque on the Marriage of Lord Haddington*.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

—
LOVE, mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little Love
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil;
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,
A kiss where she doth kill.

A honey-shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
To find, but not enjoy:
In many frowns some gliding smiles
She yields to more annoy.

She woos thee to come near her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee;
Far off she makes thy heart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

She letteth fall some luring baits
For fools to gather up ;
Too sweet, too sour, to every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Soft souls she binds in tender twist,
Small flies in spinner's web ;
She sets afloat some luring streams,
But makes them soon to ebb.

Her wat'ry eyes have burning force* ;
Her floods and flames conspire :
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuel are,
And sighs do blow her fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers ;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

Like tyrant, cruel wound she gives,
Like surgeon, salve she lends ;
But salve and sore have equal force,
For death is both their ends.

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands ;
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands †.

* *Her wat'ry eyes have burning force.*] Anacreon, in his directions to the painter, orders him to give his mistress the moist, watery eye :

Τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς
Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησσι,
Ἄμα γλαυκὸν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,
Ἄμα δ' ὑγρὸν, ὡς Κυθέρης.

In Amicam Suam.

† *Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.*] The expression of silence was

Her little sweet hath many sours,
 Short hap immortal harms ;
 Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
 Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose and summer ice
 Her joys are still untimely ;
 Before her Hope, behind Remorse :
 Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Modes, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
 Attend upon her train :
 She yieldeth rest without repose,
 And heaven in hellish pain.

Her house is Sloth, her door Deceit,
 And slippery Hope her stairs ;
 Unbashful Boldness bids her guests,
 And every vice repairs.

Her diet is of such delights
 As please till they be past ;
 But then the poison kills the heart
 That did entice the taste.

never more poetically introduced, or applied with greater truth, than by Mr. Sheridan, in his noble verses to the memory of Garrick :

Th' expressive glance, whose subtil comment draws
 Entranc'd affection, and a mute applause ;
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught ;
A sense in silence, and a will in thought.

G. Fletcher has, in his description of Justice, with great sublimity, attributed to her the power of interpreting the silence of thought :

..... for she each wish could find
 Within the solid heart ; and with her ears
The silence of the thought, loud speaking hears.

Part I. St. 10.

Her sleep in sin doth end in wrath,
 Remorse rings her awake ;
 Death calls her up, Shame drives her out,
 Despairs her upshot make.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
 Leave off your idle pain ;
 Seek other mistress for your minds,
 Love's service is in vain.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE *soote* season that bud and bloom forth brings
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale :
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs ;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings :
 The fishes fleet with new repaired scale ;
 The adder all her slough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies *smale*,
 The busy bee her honey now she *mynges* ;
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' *bale* ;
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

EARL OF SURREY.

VERSES,

BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I GRIEVE, and dare not show my discontent,
 I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate ;
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate :
 I am, and not, I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
 Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it ;
 Stands and lies by me, does what I have done,
 This too familiar care does make me rue it.
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be suppress'd.

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
 For I am soft, and made of melting snow ;
 Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low,
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Signed, "*Finis, Eliza. Regina*, upon
 Moun—s departure," Ashmol. Mus.
 MSS. 6969, (781) p. 142 *.

* If these lines are genuine, they are extremely curious, as presenting us with a lively picture of the workings of a great mind on an interesting occasion ; and they serve to ascertain a fact which does not appear to have been much noticed by historians, that an habitual in-

TO

MRS. E—— B——,

UPON A SUDDEN SURPRISAL.

APELLES, prince of painters, did
 All others in that art exceed:
 But you surpass him, for he took
 Some pains and time to draw a look;

course of three months was not without its effect, and that the Queen
 it strong emotions of regret for that denial, which she was perhaps
 der the necessity of giving, in order to satisfy her subjects. From
 manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum the lines are transcribed;
 bether they have previously appeared in print, I know not: I am
 illing to believe them original, from internal evidence, yet I cannot
 rfectly divest myself of suspicion. Unfortunately the most mate-
 al word in the MS. is illegible; for after the signature of *Eliza Re-*
na, the following words, informing us of the subject on which the
 rses were written, occur: "*Upon Moun—s departure*," the word
foun—s being half obliterated. On my first inspection of them, I
 id conceived they might have been composed on Elizabeth's quarrel
 ith Essex, who, of all her favourites, attracted most of her per-
 nal affection, perhaps on his departure for his command in Ireland:
 at upon looking over Stow's account of the Duke of Alençon's visit
 England, I have had reason to alter my opinion; as I think I have
 iscovered the real origin of the verses, and believe the obliterated
 ord in the MS. to be *Monsieur*.

Stow's account is as follows: "These Lords (the Ambassadors from
 rance), after divers secret conferences amongst themselves, and re-
 rne of sundry letters into France, signifying the Queenes declina-
 on from marriage, and the peoples unwillingness to match that way,
 eld it most convenient that the Duke should come in proper person,
 hose presence they thought in such affaires might prevaile more than
 ll their oratory: and thereupon, the first of November, the sayd
 rince came over in person, very princely accompanied and attended,
 ough not in such glorious manner, as were the above-named commis-
 ioners, whose entertainment, in all respects, was equivalent unto his

You, in a trice and moment's space,
Have pourtray'd in my heart your face.

J. Howell's *Poems*, Edit. 1664.

estate and dignity. By this time his picture, state, and titles were advaced in every stationer's shop, and many other publique places, by the name of *Frauncis of Valois*, Duke of *Alanson*, heire apparent of France, and brother to the French King: but he was better knowne by the name of *Monsieur*, unto all sorts of people, than by all his other titles. During his abode in England, he used all princely meanes to prefer his suite, and in his carriage demeaned himselfe like a true borne prince, and the heir of Fraunce: and when hee had well observed the Queene's full determination to continue a single life, hee pacified himselfe, admiring her rare vertues and high perfections. * * * * *. The Queene in all respects shewed as great kindness unto the Duke, and all his retinew, at their departure, as at any time before, and for period of her princely favours, in that behalfe, shee, with great state, accompanied the Duke in person to Canterbury: where she feasted him and all his traine very royally, and then returned. The next day being the sixt of February, the Duke, with his French Lords and others, imbarked at Sandwich," &c. *Annales*, p. 690, Edit. 1631.

Their marriage articles were drawn up, as may be seen in Camden's *Annals*, p. 372, Hearne's edit. The same writer also mentions a very close intimacy as subsisting between them. "*Vis pudici amoris inter amatoria colloquia eò provexerit, ut annulum suo digito detractum Andini* (Anjou, one of his titles) *imposuerit, certis quibusdam legibus inter ipsos adhibitis.*" p. 375. As dead queens rank but with meaner mortals, we may assert, without much fear of contradiction, that little else can now be gratified by the perusal of Elizabeth's poetry than mere curiosity. Her pretensions to notice on this head are pretty much on a par with her pretensions to beauty. Yet in both these subjects, slender as they were, the poets and the courtiers of her age found sources for panegyric the most inexhaustible.

Spenser concludes his *Tears of the Muses* with a compliment to her in her poetical character, where he calls her a peerless poetess. And in his *Colin Clout* he says of her,

Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful,
Besides her peerless skill in *making well*.

Another poet of her age has hazarded a very singular compliment in the following lines:

She with the seed of Jove, the Muses nine,
So frequent was in her years youthful prime,
That she of them had learned power divine

ON FRIENDSHIP.

NOT stayed state, but feeble stay,
 Not costly robes, but bare array;
 Not passed wealth, but present want,
 Not heaped store, but slender scant,
 Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,
 Not happy hap, but froward fate;
 Not wish at will, but want of joy,
 Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy:
 Not freedom's use, but prisoners' thrall,
 Not costly seat, but lowest fall:
 Not weal I mean, but wretched woe
 Doth truly try the friend from foe:
 And nought but froward fortune proves,
 Who fawning feigns, or simply loves.

From the *Paradise of Dainty Devyses*,
 Fol. 1, 3, signed M. Yloop.

To quell proud love, if love at any time
 In her pure breast aloft began to clime.

England's Eliza, by R. Niccols, Edit. 1610.

If we may credit an old sinner of antiquity on this subject, the
 poets are the very last teachers of abstinence; hear Ovid, who may
 be fairly supposed to have had some little experience in these mat-
 ters:

Eloquar invitus: teneros ne tange Poetas,
 Submoveo dotes impius ipse meas. *Rem. Amor.* 787.

AN

APOSTROPHE TO CHARITY.

WHERE is this love become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endless pilgrimage
From hence, and never to return, I doubt,
Till revolution wheel those times about;
Chill breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven
Away; and with Astræa fled to heaven.
Poor Charity, that naked babe, is gone,
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
Her wingless bees can find out ne'er a bloom,
And crooked Até doth usurp her room;
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drink,
And cursed Arden flows above the brink.

*A Feast for Wormes, by F. Quarles,
Med. v.*

TO CHASTITY.

O CHASTITY, the flower of the soul,
How is thy perfect fairness turn'd to foul!
How are thy blossoms blasted all to dust,
By sudden lightning of untamed lust!

How hast thou thus defil'd thy iv'ry feet!
Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet!
Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek?
Thy lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek?
Where is that spotless flower that while-ere
Within thy lily-bosom thou didst wear?
Has wanton Cupid snatch'd it, hath his dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart?
Where dost thou bide? the country half disclaims thee,
The city wonders when a body names thee:
Or have the rural woods engross'd thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty markets here?
Sure thou art not, or kept where no man shows thee,
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knows thee.

Hist. of Queen Ester, by F. Quarles.

TO

HIS SON VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee *Vin* before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.

I wish thee friends, and one at court
 Not to build on, but support;
 To keep thee, not in doing many
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
 Nor lazy nor contentious days;
 And when thy soul and body part,
 As innocent as now thou art.

Bp. Corbet's *Poems*.

THE SURRENDER.

MY once dear love, hapless that I no more
 Must call thee so; the rich affection's store
 That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
 Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.
 We that did nothing study but the way
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day
 Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
 Must learn the hateful art how to forget*.
 We that did nothing wish that heav'n could give
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
 Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must
 As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
 Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
 Witness the chaste desires that never break
 Into unruly hearts; witness that breast
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,

* *Must learn the hateful art how to forget.*] Thus Pope:
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget. *Eloisa to Abelard.*

'Tis no default in us, I dare acquit
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self : cross planets did envy
Us to each other, and heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind. O that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand oppos'd in wars !
Since then some higher destinies command,
Let us not strive nor labour to withstand
What is past help ; the longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief ;
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents,
Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves
That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves
Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself, so thou again art free.
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover ere did lend.
Now turn from each, so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts.

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 24.

THE LEGACY.

MY dearest love! when thou and I must part,
 And th' icy hand of Death shall seize that heart
 Which is all thine; within some spacious will
 I'll leave no blanks for legacies to fill:
 'Tis my ambition to die one of those
 Who but himself hath nothing to dispose.
 And since that is already thine, what need
 I to regive it by some newer deed?
 Yet take it once again, free circumstance
 Does oft the value of mean things advance:
 Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
 Proclaims his bounty richer than his store.
 But let me not upon my love bestow
 What is not worth the giving. I do owe
 Somewhat to dust: my body's pamper'd care
 Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
 That mould'ring relic which in earth must lie
 Would prove a gift of horror to thine eye.
 With this cast rag of my mortality
 Let all my faults and errors buried be.
 And as my cere-cloth rots, so may kind fate
 Those worst acts of my life *incinerate*.
 He shall in story fill a glorious room
 Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one tomb.
 If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
 Some melting sighs as thy last offering,
 My peaceful exequies are crown'd, nor shall
 I ask more honour at my funeral.
 Thou wilt more richly 'balm me with thy tears
 Than all the 'nard fragrant Arabia bears.

as the Paphian queen by her grief's show'r
 ght up her dead love's spirit in a flow'r :
 those precious drops rain'd from thine eyes,
 of my dust, O may some virtue rise!
 like thy better genius thee attend,
 thou in my dark period shalt end.
 y, my constant truth let me commend
 im thou choosest next to be thy friend.
 witness all things good) I would not have
 youth and beauty married to my grave,
 uld show thou didst repent the style of wife
 ld'st thou relapse into a single life.
 with preposterous grief the world delude
 mourn for their lost mates in solitude;
 widowhood more strongly doth enforce
 nuch-lamented lot of their divorce.
 selves then of their losses guilty are,
 may, yet will not, suffer a repair.
 e were barbarian wives that did invent
 ing to death at th' husband's monument,
 a more civil rites she doth approve
 irst, who ventures on a second love ;
 lse it may be thought if she refrain,
 ped so ill she durst not try again.
 en, my love, and choose some worthier one
 may supply my room when I am gone;
 ll the stock of our affection thrive
 ss in death, than were I still alive.
 in my urn I shall rejoice, that I
 oth testator thus and legacy *.

Dr. King's Poems, p. 28.

his little piece is worth all the unmanly suffering Elegies that
 and ever wrote.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending yet it doth not break;
I must tell you these discover,
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

T. Carew's *Poems*.

A

CAUTION FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

BEWARE, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloss of silken clothes
Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
Then none regard the stalk it grows upon;
Aseness desires the fruit still to devour,
And leave the tree to fall or stand alone:

But this advice, fair creature, take of me,
Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.

Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men,
Credit no vows, nor a bewailing song;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue:

For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware lest Croesus do corrupt thy mind,
For fond Ambition sell thy modesty;
Nay, though a king thou even courteous find,
He cannot pardon thy impurity.

Begin with kings, to subjects you will fall,
From lord to lacquey, and at last to all *.

Epigrams, subjoined to J. Sylvester's
Du Bartas, Edit. 1641.

* These lines, though far from excellent, are still, in my opinion, better than any thing Sylvester could have produced. I am therefore inclined to suspect, that the publisher of the folio edition of Du Bartas, in 1641, is mistaken in giving this to Sylvester. In the same edition, p. 652, verses, entitled *The Soules Errand*, are to be found printed in Vol. II. of Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, under the title of *The Soules*, and beyond a doubt not his.

THE
FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

BRITTLE beauty, that nature made so frail,
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season;
Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail,
Tickled treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,
Costly in keeping, past, not worth two *peason*;
Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail;
Hard to attain, once gotten not *geason*.
Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail,
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail;
Ah, bitter sweet! infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit, that with the frost is taken,
To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

EARL OF SURREY.

TO THE ROSE.

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which does all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace* in you?
In flow'ry Pæstum's fields perhaps you grew,

* *gracing grace*.] This is a sort of Græcism. As innumerable instances of this form of expression will immediately suggest themselves to the classical reader, one instance will be sufficient here:

..... hunc, oro, sine me *furere ante furorem*.

Æn. XII. 680.

r Hybla's hills you bred,
r odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
r Tmolus, or where boar young Adon' slew;
r hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
that dear blood, which makes you look so red?

No, none of these, but cause more high you bliss'd,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kiss'd.

Drummond's *Sonnets and Madrig.*
Edinb. 1711, Fol.

DRY those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks. Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year:
And the example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Dr. King's *Poems*, p. 19.

LESBJA,

ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy: there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would toy and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me,
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again,
He from my lip
Would moisture sip.
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when he'd done,
O whose heart can choose but bleed!

O how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite:
No morn did pass
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did, now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone ;
O let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts*, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

Cartwright's *Plays and Poems*.

* *With loving redbreasts.*] This bird has justly been a favourite with some of our most distinguished poets, and has received due attention from them in their writings. I will set before the reader a few instances, out of many which I have collected, perhaps rather too idly and unnecessarily. In a concert of birds by Browne, B. I. Song iii. the redbreast is thus distinguished :

The mountain lark, day's herald, got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bough and sing.
The lofty treble sung the little wren ;
Robin, the mean, that best of all loves men.

Thompson's Edit.

In Niccols's Cuckow, p. 12, Edit. 1607, in a collection of birds we meet with

The redbreast sweet, that loves the looks of men.

Drayton, in his Owl :

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little *redbreast* teacheth charity.

Collins, in his Dirge :

The *redbreast* oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

But above all others on this subject, Thomson is entitled to superlative praise:

..... one alone,
The *redbreast*, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leave
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first

MADRIGAL.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
 I do detest my life,
 And with lamenting cries
 Peace to my soul to bring,
 Oft call that prince, which here doth monarchize ;
 But he, grim-grinning king*,
 Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,

Against the window beats ; then, briak, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crums
 Attract his slender feet.

Winter, 246.

See likewise a stanza published by Mr. Mason, and originally intended by Gray to have been introduced into his *Elegy* :

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found ;
 The *redbreast* loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

*grim-grinning king.] Milton, I believe, has been justly and universally considered as unrivalled, where he says of Death that he

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

I cannot resist the opportunity of setting before my readers a passage, which, though dissimilar in its subject, and inferior in its merit, yet eminently well expresses that mixture of contrary passions which is frequently sublime. I have always considered this instance as approaching nearer to the manner of Milton than any thing I have met with in the whole course of my poetical reading. In the *Masque of the Gods*, introduced in the *Argalus* and *Parthenia* of *Quarles*, the goddess of the night is thus fancifully habited :

..... her body was confin'd
 Within a coal-black mantle, thorough lin'd

Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

Drummond, Edinb. 1711. Fol.

With sable* furs; her tresses were of hue
Like ebony, on which a pearly dew
Hung, like a spider's web; her face did shroud
A swarth complexion, underneath a cloud
Of black curl'd cypress: on her head she wore
A crown of burnish'd gold, beshaded o'er
With fogs and rory† mist; her hand did bear
A sceptre and a sable hemisphere;
*She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy smile.....* B. III. p. 112.

For this mixture of opposite passions, see Spence on the *Odyssey*, p. 77, a truly classical work, by no means so popular as it should be, and to which we may well apply what Dr. Johnson has asserted of Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*: "Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty, if this book is not recommended." See also Dr. Henry More's *Mist. of Godliness*, B. VI. Ch. v. who compares the pleasures of this life to the *grinning laughter of Ghosts, &c.*

* Milton has arrayed night in sables:

..... with him enthron'd
Sat *sable-vested* night.

P. Lost, II. 962.

† *Rory*.] This word seems very undeservedly disused. Fairfax has it in his *Tasso*:

And shook his wings with *roary* May-dews wet.

SONNETS.

TO

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER*.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of Death,
 And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn;
 This but a light'ning is: truce ta'en to breathe,
 For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
 Amid thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
 Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
 Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
 And that on earth I am but a sad name:
 If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
 By all that bliss, those joys, heaven here us gave;
 I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
 To 'grave this short remembrance on my grave;
 ' Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
 The murmuring Esk—may roses shade the place.'

DRUMMOND.

* The Sir W. Alexander to whom this sonnet is addressed was afterwards created Earl of Stirling. He wrote poetry, a list of which is given by Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 121. He was a particular friend of our Drayton's, as should seem from the verses of the latter on Poets and Poesy. He there styles him,

That man whose name I ever would have known
 To stand by mine, &c.

There is a sensible little tract of his, entitled "A Censure of some Poets, Ancient and Modern," and addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden, his intimate friend, preserved in the Edinburgh edition of the latter, p. 159.

TO DELIA.

LOOK, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
 The image of thy blush, and summer's honour*!
 Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
 That full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
 But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
 She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair;
 So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
 No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
 Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
 Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow,
 Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
 But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

Daniel, Son. 36.

*summer's honour.] Honour is frequently used by our old poets for beauty. The Latins used *honor* in the same manner for *pulchritudo*. As in Horace:

Non semper idem floribus est *honor*
 Vernis.

B. II. Od. ii.

A VISION,
UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the fairy queen:
At whose approach, the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen.
For they this queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

TO SLEEP*.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd.

* On this subject poets of all ages and nations have been very eloquent; suffice it to say, that Shakspeare, in his *Henry the Fourth*, Part II. Act III. Sc. 1. has surpassed every thing that has hitherto ap-

), by thy charming rod all breathing things
 e slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
 id yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 ou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 ice I am thine, O come, but with that face
) inward light which thou art wont to show,
 ith fained solace ease a true-felt woe,
 : if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

ared on the same subject. And his admirers may safely defy the
 et bigoted and industrious scholars to produce, from the collected
 rks of all antiquity, an invocation of such transcendant merit:

Since I am thine, O come, &c.

the original spirit of the Greek Epigram, the following lines are
 mposed, and, as I have been informed, were intended to have been
 iced under a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late learned
 mes Harris, Esq. of Salisbury. It will be no derogation to their
 auties to compare them with the conclusion of Drummond's Son-
 t:

AD SOMNUM.

Somne veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
 Huc ades, haud abituro cito: nam sic sine vitâ
 Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte meri!

It may be necessary to inform some readers, that they are written
 r the present Poet Laureat*. In Popham's *Selecta Poemata*, p. 37,
 ey occur; but they appear to have undergone a revision considerably
 r the better, in the copy from which I have printed them. A trans-
 tion of them is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March,
 175, p. 144.

* That is, the late Thomas Warton. *Editor.*

TO

THE RIVER ANKER.

CLEAR Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrin'd saint, my fair Idea, lies,
 O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,
 Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
 Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
 Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years;
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears:
 Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
 And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon*.

Drayton, Son. 53.

* Drayton has here, in the compass of fourteen lines only, been very profuse of fine compound epithets. *Silver-sanded shore, soul-shrined saint, milk-white swans, myrrh-breathing Zephyr, nectar-dropping showers, dew-impearled flowers.* Browne compliments Drayton as the swain

Who on the banks of Ancor tun'd his pipe.

See B. I. Song v. p. 179.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought,
 In Time's great periods shall return to nought,
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 Know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
 With toil of sp'rit which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
 And that nought lighter is than airy praise.
 Know frail beauty like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
 That love a jarring is of minds accords,
 Where Sense and Will envasal Reason's power :

Know what I list, all this can not me move,
 But that (oh me !) I both must write and love.

DRUMMOND.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore ;
 Yield Cytherea's son those arks of love ;
 Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
 And to th' orient do thy pearls remove.
 Yield thy hands pride unto the ivory white,
 T' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet ;
 Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
 To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.

* *The fairest states have fatal nights and days.*] *Fatal* here means
 destined by the Fates, like the word *fatalis* in Latin :

Non licuit fines Italos, *fatahaque arva*
 Nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, querere Tybrim.

Æn. V. 82.

Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres ;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears.

Yield to the marble thy hard heart again,
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

Daniel, Son. 19.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part ;
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows ;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Drayton, Son. 61.

TO HIS LUTE.

MY Lute, be as thou wast, when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious* winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their *ramage* did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
Be therefore silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

DRUMMOND.

**imelodious*.] A word very harmonious and uncommon. Milton uses "ineloquent," *Paradise Lost*, VIII. 219.

TO SLEEP.

CARE-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth * ;
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torments of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Daniel, Son. 41.

* *The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth.*] He again says,
 Look on the dear expenses of my youth. P. 111.

Lord Surrey upbraids Beauty, and calls it
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail. P. 96.

MY heart was slain, and none but you and I;
 Who should I think the murder should commit?
 Since but yourself there was no creature by,
 But only I; guiltless of murd'ring it.
 It slew itself; the verdict on the view
 Do quit the dead, and me not accessory:
 Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
 The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
 But O, see, see, we need inquire no further,
 Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
 And in your eye the boy that did the murder,
 Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.

By this I see, however things be past,
 Yet heaven will still have murder out at last.

Drayton, Son. 2.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines
 (Sweet hermitress) she did alone repair,
 Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
 More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
 She set her by these musket eglantines,
 The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
 Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
 To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear:
 Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
 Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
 Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
 And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace.

But, ah! what serv'd it to be happy so?
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe.

DRUMMOND.

UNTO the boundless ocean of thy beauty
 Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal ;
 Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
 Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
 Here I unclasp the book of my chang'd soul,
 Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care :
 Here have I summ'd my sighs ; here I enrol
 How they were spent for thee ; look what they are,
 Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
 And see how just I reckon with thine eyes :
 Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
 And cross my cares, ere greater sums arise.

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly ;
 Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

Daniel, Son. 1.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
 With gentle tides which on your temples flow ;
 Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
 Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.
 Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
 When first I did their burning rays behold ;
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show,
 Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
 Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
 Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
 And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.

The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
 Shall once (aye me !) not spare that spring of yours.

DRUMMOND.

LOVE, banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary,
 And wanting friends; though of a goddess born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by.
 I, like a man devout and charitable,
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest;
 With sighs and tears still furnishing his table
 With what might make the miserable bless'd,
 But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
 Eatic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
 And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire;
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
 No marvel then though charity grow cold.

Drayton, Son. 23.

WHAT doth it serve, to see sun's burning face?
 And skies enamell'd with both Indies' gold?
 Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd *?
 And all the glory of that starry place?
 What doth it serve, earth's beauty to behold?
 The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace;
 The stately comeliness of forests old,
 The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?

* *Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd?*] Browne represents Night as drawn in a carriage of the same materials:

All-drowsy Night, *who in a car of jet*
 By steeds of iron-gray drawn through the sky.

Brit. Past. B. II. Son. i. p. 33.

What doth it serve, to hear the sylvans songs,
The wanton *mearle*, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
 Sith she for whom those once to me were dear,
 No part of them can have now with me here.

DRUMMOND.

WHY should I sing in verse, why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
Why should I offer up unto her name
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why should my afflicted muse so much endeavour
Such honour unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder favours move?
 Favours, I think, would sense quite overcome,
 And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

Daniel, Son. 17.

IF cross'd with all mishaps be my poor life,
 If one short day I never spent in mirth,
 If my spirit with itself holds lasting strife,
 If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
 If this vain world be but a sable stage
 Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars*,
 If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
 If Knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;
 If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
 And make what's long since past, like that to be,
 If Virtue only be an idle name,
 If I when I was born was born to die;
 Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
 The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

DRUMMOND.

* *Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars.*] This language of desperation may be compared with these lines of Drayton:

.....
 Which doth inforce me partly to prefer
 The opinion of that mad philosopher,
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers above
 (As 'tis supposed) made man not out of love
 To him at all, but only as a thing
 To make them sport with, which they use to bring
 As men do monkies, puppets, and such tools.

Drayton to W. Browne.

In contradiction to this absurd and uncomfortable doctrine, let us hear what one of the wisest and greatest men this country has produced says: "But that nature should implant in man such a strong propension to religion, which is the reverence of a Deity, there being neither God nor angel nor spirit in the world, is such a slur committed by her, as there can be in no wise excogitated any excuse for. If there were a higher species of things to laugh at, as we do at the ape, it might seem more tolerable." Dr. H. More's Antidote against

TO THE SPRING*.

SWEET spring, thou turn'st † with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
 The Zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
 Thou turn'st (sweet youth); but ah, my pleasant hours
 And happy days with thee come not again,
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sour.
 Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
 Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;
 But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
 Is gone: nor gold nor gems her can restore.
 Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,
 While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

DRUMMOND.

Atheism, p. 152, Edit. 1655. The concluding idea in this extract somewhat reminds us of a line in Pope's Essay on Man:

Superior beings.....

.....

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,

And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

* The best of Spenser's Sonnets is addressed to the Spring, Vol. V, p. 73, Hughes's Edit.

† Turn'st is here used for return'st.

LOOK how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Boil'd of that juice, which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head;
 Alight so my life (contentments being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen)
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
 As doth the pilgrim therefore whom the night
 Of darkness would imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home, (my soul) and think aright,
 Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day:

Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born *.

Drummond, *Flowers of Sion*,
 1630, 4to.

* *And twice it is not given thee to be born.*] A mere reference
 might disappoint the classical reader; as such, I shall make no scruple
 to quote at length the well-known beautiful lines of Moschus on this
 subject:

Αἰ, Αἰ, ταὶ μαλ' ἄχαι μὲν ἐπὶ ἀν καλὰ κῆπον ὄλωθαι,
 Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα, τὸ τ' ἐθάλλεσθαι ἀνθηθῶν,
 Τόλπειν αὖ ζῶντι καὶ εἰς εἶρος ἄλλα φύσιν·
 Ἀμμιες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
 Οππότε πρῶτα θάνατ' ἴδωμεν, ἀνάγκη ἐν χθονὶ κοίτῃ
 Εὐδομεν εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀντήρμονα γήγρετον ἕπνον.

I never saw the spirit of these verses better transfused, than in the
 following extract from the very early production of a friend, whose
 poetry is among the least of his many elegant attainments:

Yet mark the violet, how it loads with sweets
 The pregnant gale, spreading its purple leaves;
 The painted pink too, with the rose-bud's bloom,
 And fair narcissus catch th' enchanted eye.
 When winter's frost arrests the rushing stream,

TO THE NIGHTINGALE*.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winters past, or coming void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
 Thou thy creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.

And binds in icy chains the sadden'd year ;
 Fled is their beauty, fled that fragrant breath
 Wont to regale the weary passenger.
 But when the spring ethereal mildness sheds,
 And bids the book its former flow resume,
 Up springs the lark, Aurora's messenger,
 Gladd'ning the goat-herd with his early song ;
 Each plant, each flower, inhales the genial breath,
 And, op'ning into life, again pours forth,
 Loose on the zephyr, all its wonted sweets.
 Again the violet dark resumes its hue,
 Nor wanting to the rose-bud is its bloom.
 Whate'er amid the plant creation erst
 Conspir'd to make the joyous year complete,
 Again shoots forth, renewing all its power :
 Then why boasts man his origin divine,
 (Lord of the universe, creation's pride)
 His spring but once, but once his winter comes,
 And when he falls, he falls to rise no more ?

This note has been already too much extended to admit of Dr. Jer-
 tin's imitation of Moschus's lines. See *Lusus Poet.* p. 32.

* The ancients seem to have been equally attached to this bird as
 the moderns. Attentive mention is made of it in Homer, Theocritus,
 Virgil, and Horace; and Mr. Huntingford, in his *Apology for the*
Monostrophics (one of the few controversial works in which the scho-

What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 (Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?

lar and the gentleman are most happily blended), has, by many passages, proved it the favourite also of Sophocles. See p. 89, &c. Some of the best poets of this country have signified their partiality to it, in strains almost as delicious as its own. Milton's regard for it must be well known to all his readers, as it has been remarked by almost all his commentators. Thomson*, pre-eminently the poet of nature, who wrote immediately from observation, has not been wanting in its praises. Gray has remembered it in his Ode to Spring. Is it not somewhat strange that Collins should have omitted to mention this bird? In all his poetry I recollect no allusion to this subject, and have always considered the absence of Philomel as no trivial blemish in his Ode to Evening. But above all the panegyrics that have been deservedly passed upon this universal favourite, I have seen nothing yet that in any degree approaches the notice of one who was certainly no poet; my reader will be surprised, perhaps, when I name honest Isaac Walton. But let him read this and judge. "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet *descants*†, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'" Complete Angler, page 1.

I will subjoin a few descriptions from our older poets. Niccols has been very minute on this head:

The little Philomel with curious care
Sitting alone ‡, her ditties did prepare,
 And many tunes, whose harmony did pass
 All music else that e'er invented was;

* The elegant and ingenious Mr. Pennant has very properly quoted in his *British Zoology* every passage from Milton in which it is mentioned.

† The wakeful nightingale
 She all night long her amorous *descant* sung. P. Lost, IV. 603.

‡ This is Thomson's:
 on the bough
-Sole-sitting. Spring, 792.

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels lays.

Drummond's *Flowers of Sion*.

One while the mean part she did sweetly warble,
The tenor now, the base, and then the treble :
Then all at once, with many parts in one,
Dividing sweetly in division :
Now some sweet strain to mind she doth restore,
Which all the winter she had conn'd before,
And with such cunning *descant* thereupon,
That curious art ne'er doctrin'd any one
With lute, with viol, or with voice in quire,
That to her matchless music might aspire.

The Cuckow, p. 12, 1607.

Bird-fanciers are accustomed to call the practice of old birds teaching their young to sing, *recording* ; from this circumstance Drayton very poetically and fancifully dates the origin of music, which I think exceeds what Lucretius has advanced on the same subject, Lib. V. 1378:

..... Philomel in spring
Teaching by art her little one to sing ;
By whose clear voice sweet music first was found
Before Amphion ever knew a sound. The Owl.

Browne, a very minute observer, and sometimes an accurate describer of nature and rural objects, has remarked the same property of this bird :

Under whose shade the nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.

Brit. Past. B. i. Song 5.

In mentioning the time before sun-rise he introduces it again :

For the turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in nest :
And the thrush hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,
But attends her rest.

Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung

In the shady grove :
 But the nightingale in dark *
Singing, woke the mounting lark
She records her love. Shepherd's Pipe, Eclog. 3.

Browne attributes the custom of teaching to other birds as well as the nightingale: describing a place of retirement, he says,

Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour;
 And on a bough, within the quick'ning spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing.

Book I. Song 3.

Andrew Marvel's "Appleton House," who touches upon the nightingale, Vol. I. p. 65, Cooke's Edit.

Drayton describes with great spirit a consort of birds, in which the nightingale is highly distinguished:

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom wave,
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
 But hunts-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing:
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
 Those choristers are perch'd with many a speckled breast.
 Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring east
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
 On which the mirthful choirs, with their clear open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
 That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
 Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every where.
 The throstle with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
 T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
 The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill:
 As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
 Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
*When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw,
 And (but that nature by her all-constraining law),*

* This is Milton's:

..... as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling

P. Lost, III. 38.

*Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.*

Poly-Olbion, Song 13.

See likewise a very minute and accurate description in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 44, fol. Edit. 1641. See Vol. IV. p. 1319, 1536, Drayton, Oldys's Edit.

To accumulate yet more instances of a similar nature would be neither difficult nor unpleasing :

*Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
 Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.*

VIRG.

To him who has been "long in populous cities pent," who has seldom been accustomed to view "each rural sight" with poetical eyes, and to "each rural sound" has turned a deaf or an undelighted ear, these notices, it is feared, will seem most diminutive and frivolous; but to others who have heard from this bird

..... Strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death,

in the luxurious groves of Hertfordshire, it is hoped, however unimportant they may be, that they will at least be considered as not in-curious.

S P E E C H E S.

HAROLD'S SPEECH,

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

SEE, valiant war-friends, yonder be the first, the last, and all
The agents of our enemies, they henceforth cannot call
Supplies; for weeds at *Normandy* by this in porches grow*:
Then conquer these would conquer you, and dread no further foe.

They are no stouter than the brute, whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger than the sturdy Danes, our victory erewhile:

* for weeds at *Normandy* by this in porches grow:] Meaning, that they had so exhausted their country (*Normandy*) by the forces they had drafted from it already, that its cities were left desolate and uninhabited. The expression is awkward; but the idea is forcible, and not unlike what Thomson says of the effects of the plague:

Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men. Summer, l. 1060.

Not Saxony could once contain, or scarce the world beside,
Our fathers, who did sway by sword where listed them to
bide:

Then do not ye degenerate, take courage by descent,
And by their burials, not abode, their force and flight pre-
vent.

Ye have in hand your country's cause, a conquest they pre-
tend,

Which (were ye not the same ye be) even cowards would de-
fend.

I grant that part of us are fled and linked to the foe,
And glad I am our army is of traitors cleared so:
Yea pardon hath he to depart that stayeth mal-content*:
I prize the mind above the man, like zeal hath like event.
Yet truth it is, no well or ill this island ever had,
But through the well or ill support of subjects good or bad:
Not Cæsar, Hengest, Swain, or now (which ne'ertheless shall
fail)

The Norman bastard, Albion true, did, could, or can prevail
But to be self-false in this isle a self-foe ever is,
Yet wot I, never traitor did his treason's stipend miss.
Shrink who will shrink, let armour's weight press down the
burd'ned earth,

My foes, with wond'ring eyes shall see I over-prize my death.
But since ye all (for all, I hope, alike affected be,
Your wives, your children, lives, and land, from servitude to
free)

* *Yea pardon hath he to depart, &c.*] Thus Henry the Fifth to
his soldiers:

..... don't wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart.

SHAKESPEARE.

armed both in show and zeal, then gloriously contend,
win and wear the home-brought spoils, of victory the end.
not the Skinner's daughter son possess what he pre-
tends,
lives to die a noble death that life for freedom spends.

DUKE WILLIAM'S SPEECH.

live upon or lie within this is my ground or grave*
loving soldiers), one of twain your duke resolves to have.
be ye *Normans* now to seek in what you should be stout,
come amidst the English pikes to hew your honours out,
come to win the same by lance, that is your own by law;
come, I say, in righteous war revenging swords to draw.
what of more hardy foes no passed flight hath sped ye, }
e Rollo to your now-abode with bands victorious led }
ye,
Furchus, son of Troilus, in Scythian Fazo bred ye.
n worthy your progenitors ye seed of Priam's son
loit this business, Rollons do that which we wish be done.
ee people have as many times got and foregone this shore,
steth now ye conquer it not to be conquer'd more:

..... *this is my ground or grave.*] See the speech of Alris
laudian, on invading Italy:

Hanc ego vel victor regno, vel morte tenebo
Victus humum,

De Bell. Gent. 530.

For Norman and the Saxon blood conjoining, as it may,
From that consorted seed the crown shall never pass away.
Before us are our armed foes, behind us are the seas,
On either side the foe hath holds of succour and for ease :
But that advantage shall return their disadvantage thus,
If ye observe no shore is left the which may shelter us,
And so hold out amidst the rough whilst they haul in for lee,
Whereas, whilst men securely sail, not seldom shipwrecks be,
What should I cite your passed acts, or tediously incense
To present arms; your faces show your hearts conceive of-
fence,

Yea, even your courages divine a conquest not to fail.
Hope then your duke doth prophecy, and in that hope pre-
vail,
A people brave, a terrene heaven, both objects worth your
wars,
Shall be the prizes of your prow'ss, and mount your fame
to stars.

Let not a traitor's perjur'd son extrude us from our right:
He dies to live a famous life, that doth for conquest fight.

Albion's England, by W. Warner,
Book IV. Chap. 22.

NORFOLK'S SOLILOQUY,

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

all the camp prove traitors to my lord,
ll spotless Norfolk falsify his word?
ie oath is past, I swore t' uphold his crown,
l that shall swim, or I with it will drown.
too late now to dispute the right,
e any tongue, since York spread forth his light,
thumberland, or Buckingham defame,
, valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumont's name,
ause they in the weaker quarrel die?
y had the king with them, and so have I.
ev'ry eye the face of Richard shuns,
that foul murder of his brother's sons:
laws of knighthood gave me not a sword
strike at him, whom all with joint accord
e made my prince, to whom I tribute bring:
te his vices, but adore the king.
orious Edward, if thy soul can hear
servant Howard, I devoutly swear,
t to have sav'd thy children from that day,
hopes on earth should willingly decay;
ld Gloucester then my perfect faith had tried,
made two graves, when noble Hastings died.

Rosworth Field, By Sir John Beaumont,

p. 7.

KING RICHARD'S SPEECH.

.....**M**Y fellow soldiers, though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words ;
Yet call to mind those many glorious days,
In which we treasur'd up immortal praise.
If when I serv'd, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be punish'd so :
But if my father, when at first he try'd
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle, whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams which from the steel arise,
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know then, ye have but chang'd your general's name.
Be still yourselves, ye fight against the dross
Of those, that oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersets, dissention's brands,
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands !
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best, yet not untainted blood.
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop ?
And shall this Welshman with his ragged troop
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine ?
See what a guide these fugitives have chose,
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language, and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound !

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

EARL OF RICHMOND'S SPEECH.

IT is in vain, brave friends, to show the right
 Which we are forc'd to seek by civil fight.
 Your swords are brandish'd in a noble cause,
 To free your country from a tyrant's jaws.
 What angry planet, what disast'rous sign
 Directs Plantagenet's afflicted line?
 Ah, was it not enough, that mutual rage
 In deadly battles should this race engage,
 Till by their blows themselves they fewer make,
 And pillars fall, which France could never shake?
 But must this crooked monster now be found,
 To lay rough hands on that unclosed wound?
 His secret plots have much increas'd the flood,
 He with his brother's, and his nephews' blood,
 Hath stain'd the brightness of his father's flowers,
 And made his own white rose as red as ours.
 This is the day, whose splendour puts to flight
 Obscuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
 We see no hind'rance of those wished times,
 But this usurper, whose depressing crimes
 Will drive him from the mountain where he stands,
 So that he needs must fall without our hands.
 In this we happy are, that by our arms
 Both York and Lancaster revenge their harms.
 Here Henry's servants join with Edward's friends,
 And leave their private griefs for public ends.

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

SPEECH OF VOADA*,

QUEEN OF THE BRITONS, BEFORE THE BATTLE WITH
THE ROMANS.

MY state and sex, not hand or heart, most valiant friends
withheld

Me (wretched cause of your repair, by wicked Romans ill'd)
From that revenge which I do wish, and ye have cause to
work :

In which suppose not Voadia in female fears to lurk.
For, lo, myself, unlike myself, and these same ladies fair
In armour, not to shrink an inch where hottest doings are.
Even we do dare to bid the base, and you yourselves shall see
Yourselves to come behind in arms: the Romans too that be
Such conquerors, and valiantly can womankind oppress,
Shall know that British women can the Romish wrongs re-
dress.

Then arm ye with like courages as ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of onset shall
prevent.

Nor envy that our martial rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, so much more we desire
Revenge, on those in whose default we are unhallowed thus,
Whilst they forget themselves for men, or to be borne of us:

* Her name is written indifferently Voadicea, Boadicea, Bundoica,
and Bondicea. Selden's Notes on Drayton.

Ye yield them tribute, and from us their legions have their
pay;

Thus were too much, but more than thus, the haughty ty-
rant's sway;

That I am queen, from being wrong'd doth nothing me pro-
tect :

Their rapes against my daughters both I also might object :
They maids deflower, they wives enforce, and use their wills
in all,

And yet we live deferring fight, inferring so our fall.

But, valiant Britons, vent'rous Scots, and warlike Picts, I
err,

Exhorting whom I should dehort, your fierceness to defer :
Less courage more considerate would make your foes to
quake :

My heart hath joy'd to see your hands the Roman standards
take.

But when as force and fortune fail'd, that you with teeth
should fight,

And in the faces of their foes your women, in despite *,
Should fling their suckling babes, I held such valiantness but
vain :

Enforced flight is no disgrace, such flyers fight again.

Here are ye, Scots, that with the king, my valiant brother,
dead,

The Latins wond'ring at your prowess, through Rome in tri-
umph led :

* *And in the faces of their foes your women, in despite,
Should fling their suckling babes.*] How exquisitely unnatural is
a profession of Lady Macbeth's in this way :

..... I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Ye Mars-star'd Picts of Scythian breed* are here colleagues,
and more,

Ye Dardane Brutes, last named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, most knightly friends, I supersede the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and help our best.

Albion's England, by W. Warner,
B. III. Ch. xviii.

MUTTUS SÆVOLA TO PORSENNA.

BEHOLD, grim tyrant, here before thee stands
A man had been thy death, had not these hands
Prov'd traitors to my mind: had made that grave
Been thine, which now's prepared for thy slave.
If Sævola must undergo death's doom,
There's none but will write guiltless on his tomb:
I set upon with fearless courage those
Who were our capitol's, our country's foes.
Why are the heavens then thus against me bent;
And not propitious to my brave intent?

* *Picts of Scythian breed.*] Those who may be inclined to examine into the history of this nation are referred to a very masterly inquiry, entitled, "A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths," by the able and ingenious Mr. Pinkerton, lately published. To this gentleman (if there is not an impertinence in the manner of my doing it), I would recommend as a motto for many of his works the following verse:

Πρὸς σοφίῃ μὲν ἔχουσιν τέλει, μάλα συμφερὸν ἴσθι.

Poet. Min. Græci. p. 515, Cantab. 1635.

What, are the gods ashamed to lend their aid ;
Or are they of this tyrant's power afraid ?
Or have the fates reserved him, that he
In future triumphs might a trophy be ?
Whate'er 'twas made them thus 'gainst me conspire,
It grieves my soul it had not its desire.
Etruria, see what souls the Romans bear,
Admire the noble acts the Latians dare ;
Long after me, that will this fact yet do,
There comes another and another too ;
There want not those who hope to say they wore
A laurel dyed in thy crimson gore :
What though thy camp lies free from our alarms,
And spoils our fields with unrevenged harms ;
We scorn with baser blood to stain a dart,
O king, that's only levelled at thy heart :
Our nobler swords will drink the blood of none,
But thy heart-blood, Porsenna, thine alone ;
Those who their hands will straight in it embroil,
Walk intermixed with thy armed crew.
Methinks I see at present one thee note,
Who straight will hide his weapon in thy throat ;
Hence, therefore, think each hour of thy breath
To be thy assured hour of thy death ;
Thou dost with warlike troops our walls surround,
Hoping to lay them level with the ground,
And think'st to famish us, whilst o'er thy head
Hangs a revengeful arm will strike thee dead ;
That glorious diadem which now I see
Circles thy brow, was hoped a spoil by me ;
That purple robe invests thy loins shall lie,
Thy blood be tinged in a deeper dye ;
That very sceptre which thy hand sustains,
Shall, turn'd a club, dash out thy cursed brains ;

Now rule, now lord and king it, with this fate,
Expecting still the period of thy date.
Methinks I see how, on thy curled brow,
Self-rend'ring Vengeance sits enthron'd, and how
Thy thoughts already tear me ; yet I feel
No horror, nor my frighted body reel,
No trembling in my joints; know, king, I can
Both do and suffer 'bove the reach of man :
In free born souls pale terror never stood
In competition with their country's good;
Those souls, in whom aspiring fame her sphere
Hath plac'd, neglect the precipice of fear;
This sacred altar, these pure fires, shall be
Witnesses of our undaunted constancy;
This hand, to Roman freedom so unjust,
Shall for its penance be consum'd to dust;
Nor is it cruel, but most right its doom,
Since liberty it could not yield to Rome*.

John Dancer's *Poems*,
Edit. 1660.

* For the circumstances of this interview, see Livy, Lib. II. See also Plutarch's Life of Publicola.

A RECONCILIATION

EFFECTED BETWEEN THE TWO BROTHERS, BRENN
AND BELINE, AT THE INTERCESSION OF THEIR MO-
THER, CONUVENNA.

I DARE to name ye sons, because I am your mother, yet
I doubt to term you brothers that do brotherhood forget.
These prodigies, their wrothful shields, forbidden foe to foe,
Do ill beseeem allied hands, even yours allied so.
O, how seem Oedipus his sons in you again to strive?
How seem these swords in me (aye me) Jocasta to revive?
I would Dunwallo lived, or ere death, had lost again
His monarchy, sufficing fewer, but now too small for twain.
Then either would you, as did he, employ your wounds else-
where,
Or, for the smallness of your power, agree at least for fear.
But pride of rich and roomsome thrones, that wingeth now
your darts,
It will (I would not as I fear) work sorrow to your hearts.
My sons, sweet sons, attend my words, your mother's words
attend,
And for I am your mother, do conclude I am your friend :
I cannot counsel, but entreat, nor yet I can entreat
But as a woman, and the same whose blood was once your
meat :
Hence had ye milk (she bar'd her paps) these arms did hug
ye oft :
These filed hands did wipe, did wrap, did rock, and lay ye
soft :

These lips did kiss, or eyes did weep, if that ye were unqu'et
Then ply I did, with song, or sighs, with dance, with tongue
or teat :

For these kind causes, dear my sons, disarm yourselves : if
not,

Then for these bitter tears that now your mother's cheeks
do spot :

Oft urge I son's and mother's names, names not to be forgot. }

Send hence these soldiers: ye, my sons, and none but ye
should fight :

When none should rather be as one, if nature had her right.

What comfort, Beline? shall I speed? sweet Brenn, shall I
prevail?

Say yea, sweet youths, ah yea, say yea: or if I needs must
fail,

Say no: and then will I begin your battle with my *bail*,

Then, then some stranger, not my sons, shall close me in the
earth

When we by armour oversoon shall meet, I fear, in death.'

This said, with gushing tears eftsoons she plies the one and
other,

Till both did show themselves at length sons worthy such a
mother;

And with those hands, those alter'd hands, that lately threat'-
ned blows,

They did embrace: becoming thus continual friends of foes.

Albion's England, by W. Warner,
B. III. Chap. xvi.

SUPPLEMENT.



SUPPLEMENT.

Withstanding the following incidental Remarks bear no relation to particular passages in the Extracts which compose these Volumes, they are intimately connected with some of the respective Authors from whom those Extracts are taken; and being in themselves both so foreign as well as too extensive for insertion in the course of the Notes, it was thought necessary to give them a place here.

F. QUARLES.

selecting from this author, I have been obliged to omit many of his beauties, from their unfortunate intermixture with most unpardonable vulgarisms; in gathering flowers from many soils, weeds will unavoidably obtrude themselves; in order however that the elegance and exactness of some of his poems, which were too short to be admitted into the body of the book, may not be overlooked, I take the opportunity of including them to the reader here, and should think that critics more fastidious than clear-sighted, who should be displeased with them.

Even as the soil (which April's gentle showers
Have fill'd with sweetness, and enrich'd with flowers)
Rears up her suckling plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossoms of her timely birth,
But if deny'd the beams of cheery May,
They hang their wither'd heads, and fade away;

COL. II.

L

So man, assisted by th' Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand,
But left awhile, forsook (as in a shade)
It languishes, and nipt with sin doth fade.

Job Militant, Med. vi.

As when a lady (walking Flora's bower)
Picks here a pink, and there a gilliflower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose (the year's maidenhead),
There nips the briar, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting here dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arm, and that she lifts to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair :
At length, a rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

Hist. of Queen Esther, Sect. vi.

Ev'n as a hen (whose tender brood forsakes
The downy closet of her wings, and takes
Each its affected way) marks how they feed,
This on that crumb, and that on t'other seed,
Moves as they move, and stays when as they stay,
And seems delighted in their infant play ;
Yet (fearing danger) with a busy eye
Looks here and there if aught she can espy
Which (unawares) might snatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that pass, and watches every comer ;
Even so the affection, &c.

Job Militant, Sect. i.

Like as the *haggard*, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch, from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befather'd prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling *jesses**, strives to break

* If I prove her *haggard*,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. *Othello.*

Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate.

B. III. Emb. i.

Even as the needle, that directs the hour,
(Touch'd with the loadstone) by the secret power
Of hidden nature, points upon the pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touch'd by the virtue of thy spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.

Job Mil. Med. iv.

the beautiful song of "Sweet William's Farewell," the
r with great propriety adopts a nautical term from his own

Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee. -

perusing Quarles, I have occasionally observed that he sometimes taken thoughts from the works of Lord Sterling, the passages were hardly worth noticing. Quarles was invited to Herman Hugo for the hint of writing Emblems; the first edition I have been able to meet with is that published in 1623 at Antwerp, in tolerable good Latin Elegies. A translation of it appeared Lond. 1686, by Edm. Arwaker, A. who very injudiciously observes, that "Mr. Quarles borrowed his Emblems, to prefix them to much *inferior* e." The earliest edition of Quarles's book, that I have seen, is in 1635; all the prints, from the beginning of the third century, are exactly copied from Hugo, but Hugo himself was original, as Andrew Alciat, a Milanese lawyer, so early as 1535, published at Paris a volume of Emblems. Thuanus is a great character of this writer. Hist. Lib. 3. A small tract of Alciat's work, with the observations of C. Minos, originally extracted, was published at Geneva. There is a pretty thought in one of the emblems, which consists of a helmet turned into a beehive, and surrounded on all sides with its inhabitants; the motto is, *Ex bello pax*. I mention it solely to observe, that in the Sonnet sung before Queen Elizabeth at a banquet in the year 1590 at Westminster, and supposed to have

been composed by the Earl of Essex, a thought of the same kind occurs :

*My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms, &c.*

See Vol. III. Evans's *Ballads*.

The writer of the same song, whoever he was, might have been indebted for the thought to some print of the kind.

W. WARNER.

MILTON's commentators have omitted remarking, that in the following passage he seems to have had an eye on Warner :

*Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain.*

Il Pens.

Thus in Albion's England :

*In Crete did flourish in those days (first there that flourish'd so)
Uranos : he in wealth and wit all others did outgo.
This took to wife (not then forbid) his sister Vesta faire.*

B. I. Chap. i.

The turn of thinking in the following lines will remind the reader of Pope. Sir J. Mandeville during his travels writes to Eleanor, the cousin of King Edward, who, according to Warner's story, had fallen in love with him. The following forms a part of the epistle :

*Great store of beauties have I seen, but none as yours exact,
Courts also more than stately with fair ladies in the same,
Which seem'd but common forms to me, rememb'ring but your
name.*

*When in the Holy Land I pray'd, even at the holy grave,
(Forgive me, God) a sigh for sin, and throes for love I gave.*

against the fierce Arabians I the Soldan's pay did take,
 When oft, as onset, for Saint George Saint Eleanor I spake.

B. X. Chap. lxiii.

Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you.

1:

Thy image steals between my God and me. *Elotsa.*

W. DRUMMOND.

would be almost led to suppose that Pope had seen and numbered these lines:

Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
 Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glass,
 The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
 Pyrene's cliffs where sun doth never shine,
 When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,
 Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
 Till mounting some tall mountain he do find
 More heights before him than he left behind.

Drum. p. 38, 4to.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labour of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Essay on Crit. 228,

the following lines, describing God moved to wrath, are in Milton's manner:

So, seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
 Mansion of saints, deflow'ed all by sin,
 And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath;
 The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath,

Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
 Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
 The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
 The earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake :
 Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos' tops
 Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiops
 Atlas, the Pyrennees, the Apennine,
 And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
 Then to the synod of the sp'rits he swore,
 Man's care should end, and time should be no more;
 By his own self he swore, &c.

Poems, p. 33. Edin. Ed. 1711.

The best of Drummond's prose works is his *Cypress Grove*, which, though quaint in its style, is worth reading for its vein of dignified morality. Mr. Pinkerton, in his list of Scotch Poets, calls it "a poor piece of tinsel," and says of its author, that "like other great poets, he could not write prose." I will venture to assert, that he is more mistaken in his general position, than even in the particular instance specified. Many of our best poets have rivalled, and some have exceeded, the professional prose-writers of their day. We have no contemporary piece of prose to compare in purity with Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, or even with Daniel's *Apology for Rhyme*. Cowley was unrivalled by any prose-writer; Davenant's *Preface to his Gondibert* is a good piece of nervous writing. Are Dryden's fine prefaces to be forgotten, or Pope's *Letters and Preface to his Works*, one of the most polished pieces we have? But, above all, the prose of Goldsmith is the strongest contradiction of his assertion; it is the model of perfection, and the standard of our language, to equal which the efforts of most would be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation folly.

P. FLETCHER.

At the bright lamp of Spenser, whose flame will never expire but with our language, many inferior bards have lighted their slender torches. The perusal of the *Fairy Queen* biassed the

both of Cowley and More * to the pursuit of poetry. To them we may add Fletcher, who, not contented with his general taste for allegory and personification from has gone so far as immediately to adopt imagery and personages. Though it may somewhat detract from the opinion of Fletcher to compare him in some instances with his rival, yet it is the only method of forming a real estimate of merits; and as Dr. Johnson well observes, "it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather;" nor has he himself been backward in due acknowledgment, as these instances sufficiently evince:

Two shepherds most I love with just adoring;
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turanus' daring deed;
And next our homebred Colin's sweetest firing;
Their steps not following close, but far admiring:
To lacquey one of these is all my pride's aspiring.

Purple Island, Can. vi. St. 5.

the following eulogium to his memory does equal credit to his abilities, and deserves being brought forward to his notice. He is lamenting the fate of genius:

Witness our Colin †; whom though all the Graces
And all the Muses nurs'd; whose well-taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian ‡ embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits deny'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he dy'd.

And had not that great heart §, (whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight;
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe ¶ shall sink
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

Preface to his Philosophical Poems, 1647.
Elizabeth.

§ Earl of Essex.

† Spenser.

¶ Burleigh.

O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,
 Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
 Let thy abused honour cry as long
 As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:
 On his rank name let thine own notes be turn'd,
 "Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
 Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd!"

Can. i. St. 19. &c.

He again touches on the misfortune of Spenser, Can. vi. Stan. 52.

But to come more immediately to the several parallel passages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttonie*. Can. vii. Stan. 80. with Spenser's B. 1. Can. iv. St. 21 and 22.; compare Fletcher's *Atinus*. Cant. viii. St. 42. &c. with Spenser's *Idleness*. B. 1. Cant. iv. St. 18.; compare Fletcher's *Thamus*. Can. vii. St. 55. with Spenser's *Wrath*. B. 1. Can. iv. St. 33.; compare Fletcher's *Aselges*. Can. vii. St. 23. with Spenser's *Lechery*. B. 1. Can. iv. St. 24.; compare Fletcher's *Pleconecta*. Can. viii. Stan. 24. with Spenser's *Avarice*. B. 1. Can. iv. St. 27.; compare Fletcher's *Envie*. Can. vii. St. 66. with Spenser's *Envy*. B. 1. Can. iv. St. 30. likewise with another description. B. 5. Can. xii. St. 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well express what Pope with great felicity styles, "*damning with faint praise*."

When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
 Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
 So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

Compare Fletcher's *Deilos*. Can. viii. St. 10. with Spenser's *Feur*. B. 3. Can. xii. St. 12. There seems to me more nature and real poetry in Fletcher's describing him as but *starting* at the sight of his arms, than in Spenser, who on the same occasion represents him as absolutely "*flying fast away*;" but perhaps Spenser has heightened the image by making him equally terrified with the *sound* of them as the *sight*; this is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more consistently habited than his *Death*.

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
 A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
 Some more, some less fear his *all-frighting* face;
 But most who sleep in downy pleasure's bed.

Can. xii. St. 38.

Yet the first of these terrific attributes is suggested by Spenser, who has given it to Meleager :

Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

B. XI. Can. xi. St. 22.

In the preceding part of this Canto of Spenser, in which the foes of Temperance besiege her dwelling-place, we find sight, hearing, smell, and taste, personified, which remind us of Fletcher, and disgrace Spenser. I have often thought that a painter of taste might extract from the Purple Island a series of allegorical figures, which if well executed might do honour to his pencil; though in some instances he would find Fletcher "*nimis Poeta*," in others he would have little to do but to supply the colours: and as there can be no necessity for implicitly tying him down to his original, the liberty of rejecting superfluities, and supplying deficiencies, should be allowed. The mottoes and impresses, which in general are very happily adapted, give Fletcher's figures an air of life, which in that particular renders them superior to those of Spenser and of Sackville *. The following rich figure of Hope (which is represented as masculine,) is among Fletcher's best pieces; the attitude of his leaning on his attendant Pollicita, to whom every female grace might be given, seems worthy the notice of a painter. I will quote the description at length, as it affords me an opportunity of comparing it with a figure of Spenser on the same subject:

Next went Elpinus, clad in *sky-like* blue †;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep.
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold:
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

* Æschylus, in his "Seven Chiefs against Thebes," has shown much fancy in the mottoes and devices of the shields of the different chiefs.

† Pyrales, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, is dressed in a garment of the same materials: "Upon her body she wore a doublet of *sky-colour* satin," &c. p. 42. Milton also has his "*sky-tinctured grain*," *Paradise Lost*, V. 285. But Fletcher might have had a passage in Quarles

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
 As was his brother Fido's: fear seem'd to dwell
 Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
 And went, and came, that sure all was not well;

Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
 His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollitica she *hight*, which ne'er could lie or feign.

Can. ix. St. 30.

The following is Spenser's personification, which is delineated with greater chastity than usual:

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
 Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
 In silken *samite* she was light array'd,
 And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
 She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
 An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew,
 With which she sprinkled favours manifold
 On whom she list, and did great liking show;
 Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

B. III. Can. xii. St. 13.

The figure is simple, and the attributes are new; Hope is here divested of her usual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preserved) and the water-sprinkle substituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image; had it but received the sanction of antiquity for its adoption, we might perhaps have heard more in its praise. On their coins, the ancients, we find, represented Hope in the character of a sprightly girl, looking forward and holding a blossom or bud in her right hand*, whilst with her left she holds up her garment, to prevent its retarding her pace. On a coin of Hadrian, I have seen Fortune

in his eye, who, after describing Parthenia in a robe bespangled with stars of gold, adds,

..... her dishevel'd hair
 Hung loosely down, and veil'd the backer part
 Of those her *sky-resembling robes*; but so,
 That every breath would wave it to and fro,
 Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
 Sometimes one glimm'ring star, sometimes another.

Arg. and Par. B. iii.

* We commonly say "to destroy our hopes in the bud."

and Hope with this emblem. Mr. Spence has justly objected against Spenser, that many of his allegorical personifications are inconsistent, complicated, and overdone; he observes, that when they are well-invented, they are not well-marked out, and instances amongst others the figure of Hope now before us. But surely though his general charge may be true, in this instance he has been misled by his classical taste, and too great a reverence for the ancients; to expect an implicit adherence to them in all their mythological appendages is unreasonable and absurd, and at once puts a stop to every exertion of fancy and genius; it is but doing justice to them to acknowledge that their emblematic figures are unrivalled; but as their several distinct attributes are closely connected with, and indeed drawn from their religion, history, dress, and manners, they must be considered as relatively excellent only; we cannot be so barren of invention, as to be obliged tamely to have recourse to their imagery on all occasions; the religion, history, manners, and dress, of our own country, are sufficiently dignified to supply a fertile imagination with combinations infinitely new, and to justify us in forming a style of our own. Propriety in selection is every thing: to produce a strong effect from a few masterly outlines, and to give an individual and exclusive character to the personage, seems to have been the sole aim of the ancients. From the profusion of ornaments with which most modern allegorical figures are overwhelmed, we are as much at a loss to discover for whom they are designed, as we are to unravel a rebus or an anagram. Milton appears to have been a reader of Fletcher. I will conclude these desultory remarks on him, with noticing a few passages that have escaped the commentators of our divine Bard. Milton is invoking *Mirth* to bring with her,

Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled *Care* derides,
And *Laughter* holding both his sides.

L'Alleg. 28.

When this exquisite assemblage was formed, it is more than probable that the poet had an eye on the following passage of Fletcher:

Here *sportful* Laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
Defies all lumpish griefs, and *wrinkled* care ;
 And twenty merry mates *mirth* causes fitting,
 And *smiles*, which, *Laughter's* sons, yet infants are.

Purple Island, Can. iv. St. 13. Edit. 1633.

Where thou perhaps under the *whelming* tide.

Lyrid. 157.

In the edition of 1630, Milton had written *humming* tide, which is perhaps more expressive and poetical. His first epithet he had probably from the following fine passage of Fletcher:

While *humming* rivers by his cabin creeping,
 Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease.

Eclog. 2.

Milton uses *syllable*. *Comus*, 208. Fletcher in his *Miscellanies*, page 85, has *syllabled*.

GILES FLETCHER.

Milton is somewhat indebted likewise to the Christ's Victory of Giles Fletcher. Our Lord is thus described in the *Wilderness*, by G. Fletcher:

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
 Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence,
 But him their *salvage* thirst did nought appal,
 Though weapons none he had for his defence:
 What arms for innocence, but innocence?
 For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
 Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
 And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
 And he himself fell down, in congees low ;
 Bidding him welcome to his wastful wood.
 Sometime he kiss'd the grass where he did go,
 And, as to wash his feet he well did know,

With fawning tongue he lick'd away the dust,
 And every one would nearest to him thrust,
 And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his Lord,
 The lamb stood gazing by the tiger's side,
 As though between them they had made accord,
 And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
 Forgetful of the roughness of the hide ;
 If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
 If walk'd, they all in order on him waited,
 And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

ter circumstantially describing the person of Jesus, Satan
 is introduced disguised :

At length an aged sire far off he saw
 Come slowly footing ; every step he guess'd
 One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
 Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
 And all the way he went, he ever blest
 With benedicities, and prayers store ;
 But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
 And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
 That for devotion had the world forsaken,
 And now was travelling some saint to see,
 Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
 Where all his former sins he might awaken,
 And them might wash away with dropping brine,
 And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline,
 And, dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he *lowted* low
 With prone obeisance, and with curt'sy kind,
 That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw ;
 What needs him now another saint to find ? &c. &c.

e thus exclaims with the most artful simplicity :

Ah, *note* my humble cell so blessed be
 As heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
 And be the temple for thy deity !
 Lo ! how my cottage worships thee aloof,
 That under ground hath hid his head, in proof

It doth adore thee with the *cooling* low,
 Here honey, milk, and chesnuts wild *do* grow,
 The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

Ch. Vict. Can. il. Ed. 1610.

Compare Parad. Reg. 295. &c. Where our Saviour passed
 forty days in the wilderness:

.....

 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd them at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

How far the following Stanzas, which are but a continuation
 of what I before quoted, might have influenced Milton in his
 Comus, I leave the reader to determine. Fletcher is describing
 the Bower of Vain-Defight, to which our Lord is conducted
 by Satan:

And all about, *embayed* in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
 Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered.
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
 That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower,
 (Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
 Our first destroyer led our Saviour.
 There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
 They danc'd around, and pour'd their sacrifice

To plump Lyæus, and among the rest
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild Orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the room about was arbour'd)
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small rocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

This their *inhum'd* souls esteem'd their wealths
To crown the boozing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,
They came, where whiter ladies *naked went*,
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, *amorous* glances sent.

Stan. 49, 50, 51, 52.

After a description of Avarice and Ambition, we are presented with the throne of *Panglory*, who is thus described :

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore,
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictedured,
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Thus the Spirit in Milton, in giving directions to the Brother, speaking of the hæmony which he gives him as an antidote to the charms of Comus, says :

..... if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandish'd blade rush on him, *break his glass*,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand. L. 647.

The goddess in Fletcher sings a song of allurements, the subject of which is love (to use Milton's words), "obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb," and endeavours to captivate our Saviour in the same manner as Comus does the Lady; see his speech at length, l. 706. A part of Fletcher's song I produce for its elegance:

See, see the flowers that below
 Now as fresh as morning blow,
 And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows,
 How they all unleaved die,
 Losing their virginity:
 Like unto a summer shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.
 Every thing doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay,
 Come, come, gather then the rose,
 Gather 'it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore;
 All the valleys swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,
 To carry up my train, have bow'd.
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me:
 All the stars in heav'n that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine;
 Only bend thy knee to me
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

The effect of the song on our Saviour is as follows:

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
 Her guileful bait to have embosomed,
 But he her charms dispersed into wind,
 And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.

Milton uses the very expression *shattered*. Comus, 799.

I will conclude these observations on the two Fletchers with an extract from Howell's Letters. "To E. Benlowes, Esq; upon the receipt of a Table of exquisite Latin Poems. I must

thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you show me; especially that you have enlarged my quarters among these melancholy* walls, by sending me a whole isle to walk in, I mean that delicate Purple Island I received from you, wher I meet with Apollo and all his daughters, with other excellent society; I stumble also ther often upon myself, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me, and without me: in-somuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a prisoner, as I am, to pass over, than of that Purple Isle, that Isle of Man you sent me, which, as the ingenious author hath made it, is a far more dainty soil than that Scarlet Island which lys near the Baltic sea." Let. 66. Edit. 1650. It is perhaps being triflingly minute to remark, that Milton's "Sable Stole of Cyprus lawn." Il Pen. 35. might have originated from G. Fletcher.

After them flew the prôphets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold. *Chr. Trium.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

If we closely consider the two following passages from this poet, there will be no occasion to suppose with Dr. Farmer, (see his Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, p. 30.) that Milton in his justly admired description of the swan, had a passage of Donne in his eye:

..... the swan with *arched neck*
Between her white wings mantling †, *proudly rows*
Her state with oary feet. Milton.

The jealous swan, there *swimming in his pride*,
With his *arch'd breast* the waters did divide,

* He was then confined in the Fleet.

† This word, which is highly descriptive, is applied by Spenser to the hawk:

Ne is there hanke which *mantleth* her on perch.
B. VI. Cant. ii. l. 32.

His *saily wings* him forward strongly pushing
 Against the billows with such fury rushing,
 As from the same, a foam so white arose
 As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppose.

Man in the Moon, p. 480. Edit. 1619.

The swan by his great master taught this good,
 T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
 His *boat-like breast*, his *wings* rais'd for his sail,
 And *oar-like feet* Flood.

Peck quotes an apposite passage from Shakspeare's *Tempest*, from which he supposes Milton to have taken his epithet "oary." The lines are these:

..... his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and *oar'd*
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
 To th' shore

But had Peck been a minute reader of Drayton, he would have found that from him Milton copied the most material features in his image. It is worthy of observation, that the idea of the swan's having a musical voice prevails in Iceland, as well as in the writings of the ancients. See Uno Von Troil, speaking of this bird. "They are said to sing very harmoniously in the dark cold winters nights: but though it was in the month of September, when I was upon the island, I never once enjoyed the pleasure of a single song." *Letters on Iceland*, p. 143.

The word "*imparadis'd*," used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. iv. 506. and supposed by some of his first commentators to have been coined by him, occurs twice in Drayton, perhaps oftener:

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
 A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
 As in the same she had *imparadis'd*
 Almost what man by industry hath sought.

Bar. Wars, B. VI. Stan. 30.

See also his *Poly-Olbion*:

O my bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear the sound
 Of God's first garden-plot th' *imparadis'd* ground
 Wherein he placed man.

The word seems to have been not uncommon with other of our older poets, as the following instances prove :

For she that can my heart *imparadise*.

Daniel, Son. 12.

..... this *paradized* earth.

« Warner's *Alb. Eng.* B. X. Ch. 60.

Thou sitt'st *emparadis'd*, and chaunt'st eternal lays.

P. Fletcher's *P. Isl. Cant.* i. St. 14.

As in his burning throne he sits *emparadis'd*.

G. Fletcher's *Chr. Triumph.* Part II. St. 43.

My soule's *imparadis'd*, for 'tis with her.

Habington's *Castara*, p. 31. Edit. 1640.

Pope in the course of his Translation of Homer, in a variety of instances, has with great happiness and success availed himself of the opportunity of interweaving with his version applicable passages from our best poets, as Shakspeare and Milton; perhaps in rendering the following line he had Milton in his eye :

Ἡ πόλις πολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πεικιδανοῖα.

Il. 10. line 8.

Or bids the *brazen throat* of war to roar.

Pope.

But what he has here gained in strength, he has lost in accuracy. Homer says nothing about "brazen," Milton tempted him to use this epithet :

The *brazen throat* of war had ceas'd to roar.

P. Lost, B. XI. 713.

I was induced to quote these passages, as they will tend to introduce one of the most nervous and sublime lines in the whole compass of English poetry. It is in our author's Epistle from Mortimer to Isabel :

For which Rome sends her curses out from far
Through the stern throat of terror-breathing War.

S. DANIEL.

.....my Silvia's memory
Is all that I must ever live withal.

Hym. Triumph. Scen. 4.

This simple thought reminds us of a most inimitable exclamation in Shenstone's Epitaph on his amiable relation Miss Dolman, who died of the small-pox at the age of twenty-one. This little piece of Shenstone's is one of the very rare modern productions, that not only resembles but rivals the dignified and affecting conciseness of the ancients, in their sepulchral inscriptions. It is worth volumes of his pastorals. I will gratify myself by quoting it entire:

*Peramabili suæ consobrinæ
M. D.*

On the other side.

Ah Maria
Puellarum elegantissima,
Ah flore venustatis abrepta,
Vale!

*Heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari,
Quam tui
Meminisse!*

In our author's funeral poem to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, the following lines remind us of the immortal Chatham:

Here is no room to tell with what strange speed
And secrecy he used to prevent
The enemies designs: nor with what heed
He march'd before report: where what he meant
Fame never knew herself, till it was done.

Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, compliments Daniel, and calls him

"My dear sweet Daniel, sharp-conceited, brief,
Civil, sententious, for pure accents chief."

Fol. Edit. p. 82.

In what follows, Drayton is alluded to, whom he entitles, "our new Naso." Daniel had prefixed a sonnet to his work. B. Jonson likewise has verses prefixed to it.

W. BROWNE.

THERE is an unstudied flow of music in many lines of this writer, that perhaps exceeds almost every thing of his contemporaries. The harmony of these lines is remarkable:

Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid
Who that day's morn into the green woods stray'd.
Sweet was the air, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.

B. II. Song 3.

Every poetical ear will be struck with the resemblance to Collins's:

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day, &c.

Eclog. II.

The "simplex munditiis" of Horace is well imitated in the following expression:

..... underneath whose shade
Most neat in rudeness nature arbours made.

B. I. Song 4.

The thought in the concluding line of Pope's Epitaph on Gay, has (though I cannot say I see any reason for it,) been in general disapproved of by professed critics:

But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*here lies Gay.*

Browne has a similar thought:

No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

Vol. I. p. 143.

But the thought is by no means uncommon; a variety of similar passages might be adduced. The last line but one of the epitaph is more justly liable to objection. I should be glad to be informed of the difference between "the worthy and the good;" it is strange that Johnson, in his criticism on his epitaph, should have omitted to observe, that the second line of it is borrowed from Dryden:

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

To the Memory of Mrs. Killigrew.

In Browne's Pastorals, B. 1. Song 5, there occurs a whimsical and ridiculous play upon words, in which echo repeats the two last syllables of the foregoing line which form an answer to it; the same thing occurs in Herbert's Temple, p. 182. Ed. 1709. See also Erasmus's Colloquies. Butler has treated this affectation with his usual humour.

BISHOP HENRY KING;

OF whom Howell in his Letters, Vol. 2. p. 28. Edit. 1650, gives his opinion as follows: "You have much streightened that knot of love, which hath been long tied between us, by those choice manuscripts you sent me lately, amongst which I find divers rare pieces; but that which afforded me most entertainment in those miscellanies, was Dr. Henry King's Poems, wherein I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy: they are a choice race of brothers, and it seems the same genius diffuseth itself also among the sisters:?" I will quote also what follows, as it alludes to a sister of our author's. "It was my hap to be lately where mistress A. K. was, and having a paper of verses in her hand, I got it from her. They were an epitaph and an anagram of her own composure and writing, which took me so far, that the next morning before I was up, my rambling fancy fell upon these lines:

For the admitting of Mistris Anne King to be the tenth Muse.

The verses are not worth quoting. Dr. King, p. 88. of his poems, has verses upon Mrs. Kirk's being unfortunately drowned in the Thames. There are some lines on the same subject in "Elegies by Robert Heath, Esq." Lond. 1650. p. 1. In the collection of Dr. King's Poems, are the verses on the Earl of Dorset's death, which I have printed Vol. ii. p. 42. They are to be found amongst Bishop Corbet's Poems; but to which of the two they belong I know not.

END OF THE SELECT BEAUTIES.

POEMS,
AND
OTHER PIECES,

BY
HENRY HEADLEY.



Defensor culpæ dicet mihi, fecimus et nos

Hæc Juvenes.——

JUVENAL.



TO
THE REV. DR. P——R,
THESE VERSES ARE,
WITH GREAT GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,
INSCRIBED

IN THE SPIRIT OF THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE
FROM AN ELEGANT GRAMMARIAN.

“ Etenim si in arcubus triumphalibus, et columnis, cæterisque id genus operibus in honorem aliquorum exstructis, quo sint augustiora, cernimus interdum alicujus Dei, aut Deo similis superimpositam imaginem : cur ipse non putem mihi faciendum, ut huic columnæ meæ (non ausim dicere arcui) duodecim passus altæ, quam ego opifex tibi ob singularem eruditionem, summam benevolentiam, maxima in me merita dicavi, imaginem Nicolai summi Pontificis meâ manu sculptam in culmine collocem : ut operis decori quædam etiam ex ipso præside majestas accedat ? ita et nostra in illum reverentia ac religio, et illius in nos favor splendorque constabit.”

Laurentius Valla Epist. Nuncup. ad finem.

London,
March 23, 1786.

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THE
AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THE majority of the following Pieces, which have been before much too hastily, and perhaps undeservedly, made public, are here collected and republished, solely for the sake of correcting many of their imperfections, and of rendering them (if possible), somewhat less exceptionable.



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POEMS, &c.

AN INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

“ I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.—*As you like it.*

SHAKSPEARE.

GODDESS of downcast eye, upon whose brow
Misfortune's hand seems dimly to have drawn
Her tints of pining hue, to thee belong
The visionary tribes of busy thought,
That crowd in nameless shapes the mental eye ;
Ah ! teach me, gentle maid, with hermit step,
Thy haunts to find, and ever at thy shrine,

By fairy hands with mournful cypress hung,
To bend unseen an humble votary.

Lost in sweet silent thought at eventide,
Thou wakeful lov'st to sit by river dank,
In shade of glen remote, or bosom'd bower,
And ponder pleasures past with fond regret,
Like wither'd flowers that once indeed were sweet,
Till rous'd by softest voice of village maid,
In russet weeds bedight, with dainty hand,
Who turns the snow-white wool on simple wheel,
Cheating slow time with rustic madrigal ;
Thou meet'st the faintest sunbeam of the east
That gilds the heath-thyme and the broomleaf wild ;
Ere shepherd's boy has left his lowly cot,
And heard the woodland cuckoo's matin voice ;
Ere Dian's nymphs, who, clad in April green,
Face the keen gale on Cynthus' beetling brow,
Have dash'd the sparkling dew with buskin'd feet,
Or shook with mellow horn the distant dale.

When bleak December chills with icy hand
The drooping features of the lingering year,
And warns the wilder'd wanderer of home,
I meet thee listening to the hollow blast,
With musing ear, what time by winter's fire
The social family of boon content
Their evening group with smiling faces form.
Yours is the hopeless youth whom luckless love
Has crown'd unseemly with a willow wreath,
In sad requital for his vows sincere ;
His last fond sigh is yours, his longing look,
When lost for aye he quits his own heart's love,
And views her parting step and waving hand.
Lead him, indulgent Power ! to tangled glade

That mellow gleams beneath mild evening's star ;
Or tall green forest hush'd in deep repose,
With hamlets thin besprent, and ruins grey,
That know no footstep save the traveller's ;
Where Taliessin in fam'd days long past,
And many a bard whose tuneful hand is cold,
Call'd forth their fabling numbers, and awoke
The lion souls of Cambria's warlike sons ;
Near Teivi's haunted stream, or Menai's flood,
Whose banks with wild embroidery Nature fring'd,
And left her shaggy outline, that disdains
The tawdry finish of the harlot art.
Here lap his soul in bland forgetfulness,
Teach him in peace to wear the heavy hour,
And on the dimple of his faded cheek,
From whence the rose has long a truant been,
A few kind tears for pity's sake let fall.
As on he thunders 'midst a shrinking world
With threatening gait and blood-slain'd sword in hand,
With tacit sigh, as sacred as the tears,
That Angels shed when envious Satan fell,
Thou view'st Ambition for a brittle crown
Cut his fell passage through the hearts of kings ;
His little day in clouds for ever set,
At last unknell'd Oblivion's prey he falls,
Left to the naked blast, and e'en deny'd
The cheap and nauseous breath of rabble vile ;
No lay unletter'd marks the spot remote
Where his poor ashes with the common herd
Of clay-cold mortals find their last abode ;
No face of friend, in decent sorrow sunk,
His name remembers, or his turf protects.
If such the rugged path that leads to fame,
Each splendid hope and nobler aim forgot,

Oh God ! I'd rather be a looby peasant,
Eat my brown bread and fatten in the sun
On bench by highway side, or cottage door,
Than wait th' insulting nod of abject power,
Than dog and fawn with base humility,
To catch her pamper'd ear and Proteus smile.

With thee o'er many a scatter'd wreck of fate,
Much may I love to cast a pensive eye ;
The Castle's shatter'd front of rough aspect,
High on the naked hill like falcon perch'd ;
The moated hall in lap of lonely dell,
From 'midst embrowning trees obscurely seen ;
Oft may I mark with you, with you exclaim,
" In days of yore with old magnificence
Here dwelt the baron bold, or gallant knight ;
Here in this hall their massy armour hung ;
Here, at the gorgeous tilt or tournament,
Oft would the bards awake th' enlivening string
Of airy harps to deeds of chivalry ;
Struck by the magic of whose minstrel chime,
The sun-burnt ploughman as he hied him home,
Would oft uplift his brow in mute amaze,
And catch with ravish'd ear the far-off sound :
Here oft the rafter'd roofs full blithly sung
With tunes of Chevy Chace and Hardiknute ;
Nor wanting were there, to inspire the dance,
Kind blue-ey'd maids full fair and peerless deem'd,
Who lent their tempting looks and softest smiles."

Ah ! let me rove with thee at dusky eve
That desolated pile of Gothic mould,
Where the lone lapse of yon sequester'd stream,
Winding its wave neglected near the spot,
With the wild music of its murmuring,
Suits the sad genius of the sacred place ;

Where Superstition o'er the paly lamp
 Long with sunk eye her midnight vespers sung ;
 Give me to stand aghast, as by the moon,
 Her supplicating martyr'd form half seen,
 Bent on the fragment of a broken cross,
 I view, while darkling pours Nyctimene
 Her deathlike watch-song in the ear of night ;
 Or from the lengthening aile, or fretted roof,
 Brushes with sailing wing the stagnant dew :
 Here Time who daily, in his viewless flight,
 Still wider throws oblivion's deep'ning shade,
 Now on the mouldering tomb in grim state sits,
 And laughs at all the baseless hopes of man.

Child of the potent spell and nimble eye,
 Young Fancy, oft in rainbow vest array'd,
 Points to new scenes that in succession pass
 Across the wond'rous mirror that she bears,
 And bids thy unsated soul and wandering eye
 A wider range o'er all her prospects take :
 Lo, at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise !
 Casting their shadows far along the main,
 Whose brows cloud-cap'd in joyless majesty,
 No human foot hath trod since time began ;
 Here death-like silence ever-brooding dwells,
 Save when the watching sailor startled hears,
 Far from his native land at darksome night,
 The shrill-ton'd petrel, or the penguin's voice,
 That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing,
 Through the bleak regions of a nameless main :
 Here danger stalks and drinks with glutt'd ear
 The wearied sailor's moan, and fruitless sigh,
 Who, as he slowly cuts his daring way,
 Affrighted drops his axe, and stops awhile,
 To hear the jarring echoes lengthen'd din,

That fling from pathless cliffs their sullen sound :
Oft here the fiend his grisly visage shews,
His limbs of giant form in vesture clad
Of drear collected ice and stiffened snow,
The same he wore a thousand years ago,
That thwarts the sun-beam, and endures the day.

'Tis thus, by Fancy shewn, thou kenn'st entranc'd
Lone tangled woods, and ever stagnant lakes,
That know no zephyr pure, or temperate gale,
By baleful Tigris banks, where, oft they say,
As late in sullen march for prey he prowls,
The tawny lion sees his shadow'd form,
At silent midnight by the moon's pale gleam,
On the broad surface of the dark deep wave ;
Here parch'd at mid-day oft the passenger
Invokes with lingering hope the tardy breeze,
And oft with silent anguish thinks in vain
On Europe's milder air and silver springs.

Thou unappall'd canst view astounding fear
With ghastly visions wild, and train unblest'd
Of ashy fiends, at dead of murky night,
Who catch the fleeting soul, and slowly pace
With visage dimly seen and beckoning hand,
Of shadowy forms that ever on the wing,
Flit by the tedious couch of wan despair.
Methinks I hear him with impatient tongue
The lagging minutes chide, whilst sad he sits
And notes their secret lapse with shaking head.
See, see, with tearless glance they mark his fall
And close his beamless eye, who trembling meets
A late repentance, and an early grave.

With thine and elfin Fancy's dreams well pleas'd,
Safe in the lowly vale of letter'd ease,
From all the dull buffoonery of life,

Thy sacred influence grateful may I own ;
Nor till old age shall lead me to my tomb,
Quit thee and all thy charms with many a tear.

On Omole, or cold Soracte's top,
Singing defiance to the threatening storm,
Thus the lone bird in winter's rudest hour
Hid in some cavern shrouds its ruffled plumes,
And through the long, long night, regardless hears
The wild wind's keenest blast and dashing rain.

TO CYNTHIA,

A FRAGMENT.

FAIR are thy cold chaste beams, thy virgin face,
Of mild ethereal hue and sweet aspect,
How many know thee not, nor aught regard
Thy tints delicious that are wont appear
On evening's shadowy mantle moist and grey!
What though, dear maid, thou bear'st a borrow'd beam,
The sickly sister of the gaudy sun,
How have I gazed thy beauties ! when alone
At close of day, pacing in mournful mood
The yellow margin of the steril main,
Shagg'd with the sleet-worn summit of the cliff,
Till oft emparadised, I deem'd the scene
Some looser cozenage of vagrant fancy,
Or fairy phantasm, that delusive thought
Forms from the remnant of a passing dream.

Ah! who but you bears witness to the vows
That faltering speak of unrequited love?
To whom but thee does poesy unfold
The honey'd numbers of her bashful lay?
This mortal coil shook off, the Poet's eye,
Dim'd with the dazzling radiance of the sun,
Full fondly flies to thee, and far retired,
With inspiration by thy silver light,
Surveys the changeful features of the world,
Flitting around the throng'd ideas wait,
Like charmed spirits obedient to his call,
To each its place he gives, whilst at his beck
Sudden the shade imperfect starts to life
And meets in form confess'd its Maker's eye.

TO PHILOMEL,

A FRAGMENT.

No noise I heard, but all was still as death,
Save that at times a distant dying note
Of spirit unseen, or Heaven's minstrelsy,
Would indistinctly meet my ravish'd ear;
Such as was never heard from harp or lute,
Or waked into a voice by human hand.
Ah, Philomel, the strain was thine!—

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

WHO heeds it when the lightning's forked gleam
The rifted towers of old Cilgarran strikes?
Keen from the piercing East, or when the blast
In deathful speed at midnight howls along
The drifted desert, or the frozen main,
Or to the earth on Mona's chasmy side
Bends the broad knotted oak—yet sad it is
To think that at this very hour, perhaps,
The self-same blast, with angry visiting
May play the ruffian with a vermil cheek,
Scatter at will the few and tatter'd weeds,
And dim with bitter tears the radiant eye,
Of some unnoticed daughter of distress;—
To think that she may want Compassion's sigh,
That in no single eye through the wide world,
Save mine alone, her gentle image lives.
Ye happier souls, whose winter days are none,
Who bask in sunshine of prosperity,
And feel no flint in all the paths of life,
How little know ye what affliction is!
To pine alone with sad disquietude,
To sojourn long and late with nakedness,
In torments new to watch the slow decline
Of each returning day without a hope,
And with dejection meet the merry morn;
To lose good hours, and hear with aching heart
The train of blushless Folly sweeping by,
Nor dare, though hunger gnaws, to dog its heels,

Before old age comes on, and beckons death,
 Wrinkles to meet, that Laughter never fills,
 But mournful streams of unremitting tears ;
 And when the fiends of life their worst have done,
 To have the memory clean forgotten,
 Ere the poor body rots and falls to dust.—

TO THE

MEMORY OF MISS LUCY S——N,

A young Woman, who, being betrayed into much undeserved misfortune, was at last thrown upon the town; and, concluding her life at the age of two-and-twenty, with Suicide, was inhumanly refused burial by the parish in which she died.

HARK, hark, methinks a calling voice I hear!
 A voice I well remember once was dear,
 “ *I gave you all* * , exclaims some shade unblest’d,
 “ The poor return I ask is only rest ;
 “ From Heaven’s delaying hand no vengeance due,
 “ For what is done, I deprecate on you ;
 “ Love’s misled child in youth’s gay morn I die,
 “ Ah ! lend a little earth for charity ! ”
 ’Tis she—grief-sunk, yet why that haggard eye,
 Those tears, that phrensy’d step, and inward sigh,
 Those clasping hands, with deepen’d anguish wrung,
 And Angel-tress in wild disorder flung ?
 Full fondly had I hoped some luckier day,
 However distant, still might lend its ray,
 Thy winter-smitten hues again to rear,
 Life’s bitter storms but ill disposed to bear,

* See Shakspeare’s Lear.

And bid thy tender frailties reassume
Fair Virtue's injur'd grace, and banish'd bloom,
That Peace, with joy-fledged wing, within thy breast
Might still find warm her long-forsaken nest :
Much have I wish'd to me that angry Heaven
An angel-like reclaiming power had given,
For ever to have won thee from distress,
And lodged thee in the arms of happiness,
Before the sated world had left its prey,
And flung thee like a faded flower away ;
Vain wish, how blind to fate!—'twas e'en deny'd,
At life's last hour to linger by thy side,
With kind concern to assist each sinking sense,
And lend fresh warmth to faltering penitence ;
When dim with Death's eclipse thy speaking eye
In trembling hope held converse with the sky,
Or through th' eventful past seem'd sick to run,
And fain had found th' eventful tale undone.
Let Levite prudence with contented sneer
Reserve for meaner clay his abject tear,
Ah ! may he long this luckless dust forego,
And hoard for kindred minds his sordid woe ;
Though thy pale bones beneath the common sky,
Cold as the heart he bears, forgotten lie,
Their martyr cause to other souls they trust,
And leave relentless Caution to be just :
Well pleas'd her tear-wet mantle to have laid
O'er thy sad wounds by fell misfortune made,
Pity shall ever place her best thoughts there,
And kiss the spot proscribed without a fear ;
With vindicating voice shall damn to rest
Base Censure's fiend-like bark, and Scandal's jest ;
Telling weak man to him it ne'er was given,
To mark the bounds of mercy out to Heaven.—

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

Y^E pamper'd favourites of base mankind,
Whether with riches poor, or learning blind,
From your distracted views oh pause awhile,
And hear a brother's tale without a smile ;
And let contrition note how much is due
To all the generous cares I owe to you.
Whilst fatt'ning pomp secure in cumb'rous state
His scanty crumbs withheld, and barr'd his gate,
Nor sullen deign'd with scorn's averted eye
The cheaper tribute of a selfish sigh,
The neediest suppliant of sorrow's train
For bread I hungering sought, and sought in vain ;
Each petty solace thus by you deny'd,
With sleepless watch Fidelio supplied ;
When Winter wet with rain my trembling beard,
My falling tear he felt, my groan he heard,
When my grey locks at night the wild wind rent,
Like wither'd moss upon a monument,
What could he more, against the pitiless storm
He lent his little aid to keep me warm ?
Even now as parting with his latest breath,
He feels the thrilling grasp of coming death,
With all that fond fidelity of face,
That marks the features of his honest race,
His half-uplifted eye in vain he moves,
And gasps to lick the helpless hand he loves.—

VERSES SENT TO MRS. H——,

AT HER COTTAGE.

YE unendearing tribes of care and strife,
Who haunt the 'wildering paths of crowded life ;
Ye dazzling phantoms of delusive state ;
Ah ! fly these limits lone, and seek the great.
Alas ! your guilty forms but ill agree
With the soft features of simplicity !
Here Harriet dwells—full studious to be blest
With the mild sunshine of a mind at rest,
From all the world this spot remote has chose
Well pleas'd to meet the mansion of repose ;
And, as of scenes to which she has bade adieu,
With lingering glance she takes a backward view ;
Oft sighs to find the gentler virtues dwell
Beneath the straw-built roof and mossy cell.
Spirits of bliss, whose ever-guardian care,
With wakeful watch unseen protects the fair ;
Your happier thoughts of heavenly hue impart,
They'll find a kindred soil in Harriet's heart,
Of her warm soul refine each pure intent,
And touch the tender chords of sentiment,
Where feelingly alive those charms we trace
That beauty first had promised in her face.

SONNET TO MISS AIKIN,

(NOW MRS. BARBAULD),

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S
GONDIBERT.

THE luckless leaf of this most dainty flower,
That Time's inclement cloud from early day,
(Gathering with wizard stealth its silent power)
Would fain in wintry grave have hid for aye,
Much good befall thy care, kind maid ! resumes
Its youthful pride and summer hues at last,
By thy soft hand attired again it blooms,
And sweet again shall smell uninjur'd by the past,
Far from the Muse's bay-enwoven bower,
Like a lone vulture at her mangled spoil.
May time o'er evil works for ever cower,
Nor know the limits of so sweet a soil,
Or e'en, when thou art dead, obscure thy tomb,
Fate has deny'd him touch thy laurel's living bloom.

INSCRIPTION,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PROFILE OF DR. URI.

AST te facetiarum mille Senex quam libenter agnosco !
tuâ nempe in consuetudine soles sepissime inter dicendum
condidi ; te quoties in memoriam revocamus, lepore quodam
eximio, risus omnium temerè elicientem, irrequieta subit
profecto et frequens lacryma ; tum demum illam in lo-

quando tam propriam jucunditatem, teque tam agrestè et inconcinnè peregrinitatis, et (ut ita dicam) *τὸ πῦρ* quodammodo sapientem, vèrè desideramus. Virum, ubi, o ubi inveniemus, cordis adeo simplicis et meri; proinde ut de re, magis quam de verbo, semper laborabas, in literis humanioribus et penitus ferè reconditis, versatum te aspicio, nescio quam bene, sed ita accurate scilicet versatum, ut nihil possit supra.—

A PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD, THE
AUTHOR LEAVING COLLEGE.

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos. VIRG.

THE sullen Tom proclaims the parting day,
In bullying tone congenial to his place,
The Christ Church misses homeward trip to pray,
And High-street leave to solitude and space;

O'er the dim scene in stillness steals the night,
Save where the whistling 'prentice bars the shutter,
Or rapid mail-coach wheels its droning flight,
Or tinkling plates forebode th' approach of supper;

Save near yon tower, where now she sits and sighs,
Curses some miscreant Raph, that Luckless Lass,
And as his sixpence by the moon she tries,
Shakes her despairing head and finds it brass.

Beneath those domes in gothic grandeur grey
Where rears that spire its old fantastic crest,
Snug in their mouldy cells from day to day
Like bottled wasps the Sons of Science rest ;

Th' unwelcome call of business-bringing morn,
The dull ox lowing from his neighbouring shed,
The tythe pig's clarion, or sow-gelder's horn,
Ne'er 'wake these fatt'ning sleepers from their bed ;

Their bile no smoking chimneys e'er provoke,
No busy breeding dame disturbs their nap,
Their double chins no squalling bantlings stroke,
Climbing their knees for rattles, or for pap ;

Let not pert Folly mock their lecture's toil,
Their annual Gaudy's joys, and meetings mellow,
Nor Quin's ghost hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple commons of a Fellow ;

The boast of cooks, the lordly venison,
The rich ragou, and liver-tickling jelly,
Down the red lane inevitably run,
And at the best can only fill the belly.

Nor you, ye spinsters, these poor men abuse,
(Tis want of money rather than of wit)
If thus their backward threepence they refuse,
To your inviting charms and Billy Pitt * ;

Can Madan's voice provoke the dull cold clay,
Or Price's system that implies a wife †,
Or aught the rosy goddess has to say,
When once a man is bent on single life ?

* Mr. Pitt's tax upon births.

† Dr. Price on population.

Perhaps mid these unsocial yews is placed,
 Some head once member of the "Chosen Few *,"
 Hands that the dazzling diamond might have graced,
 Or tip'd with ecstasy the billet-doux ;

But Fashion to their eyes her motley page
 Rich with the rags of France would ne'er unroll ;
 Through this they lost "The Ton,"—"the Thing,"—
 "the Rage,"
 And all the soft enamel of the soul.

Full many a bawdy pun and joke obscene,
 Penn'd as he pass'd by some unlucky dog,
 On the lone alehouse window lurk unseen,
 Or waste their waggish sweetness in a bog.

Some birth-day Colonel, with undaunted breast,
 May here do generals, or defy the proctor,
 Some lee-shore Admiral here at calm may rest,
 And mutely read wall lectures for a doctor.

To rule each cackling circle coxcomb smitten,
 To cheat their tradesmen and despise their betters,
 To spell their titles in the Red-Book written,
 (Should fate have kindly taught them but their letters.)

Their lot forbids—nor circumscribes alone
 Their decent virtues, but their crimes, you'll find,
 Forbids with fawning face to dog the throne,
 And 'whelm with war and taxes half mankind ;

* A club in Oxford of that name, chiefly consisting of noblemen and men of fortune.

The surly pangs of stubborn truth to hide,
To hush the tumults of rebellious shame,
To feast the pamper'd taste of glutton Pride
With sweet sauce piping hot from Learning's flame.

Far from the turbid paths of madd'ning strife
Their fire-side wishes never learn to stray,
Along the turnpike road of even life,
They keep the jog-trot tenour of their way;

Yet even their bones from surgeons to protect,
Some friendly tablet in the chapel aisle,
With sniv'ling cherubs, and fat angels deck'd,
Excites the casual tribute of a smile ;

The name bedizon'd by the pedant Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supplies,
Who many an L. L. D.—and A. B.—strews,
That bid th' admiring Freshman read and rise.

For who at Hymen's block in youthful bloom,
His scholarship and freedom e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the common room,
Nor sighing cast one farewell wish behind ?

To some dear friend by stealth remembrance flies,
A festive glass the drooping mind requires,
His far-off phiz keen Fancy's eye deseries,
Even in his pipe still live the wonted fires ;

For me who, mindful of the life I loved,
In these weak lines its happiness relate,
And with fair images of past joys moved,
Compare my present with my former state ;

ould e'er in future day some roaming friend *,
 (The lions gazing whilst his horses wait)
 1 breathless speed his steps to Trin. Coll. bend,
 And waste an idle question on my fate ;

Haply old Kitt, with iron tears, may say †,
 To read the lessons oft I've seen the lad,
 Brushing from broken cap the dust away,
 Limp with a paper band across the quad ;

His listless length at breakfast would he lay
 There in that sunless corner cobweb hung,
 'Tis odds, how he crack'd his eggs and drank his tea,
 And pored upon the kettle as it sung !

Hard by yon gate, now painted as in scorn,
 Muttering rude rhymes he stood and fancies wild,
 Crack'd with a dose of salts like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with duns, or cross'd with bastard child ;

One morn I miss'd him in the chapel train,
 Along the court, and near his well-known fire,
 'Tis he eggs were placed, the kettle boil'd in vain,
 No more he came his breakfast to require.

Next post the tidings came ; in due array
 At Hymen's shrine the youth was seen to bend ;
 'Tis here may'st thou read, 'tis English all, a lay,
 The farewell tribute of some lonely friend ‡."

* For the cast of this natural thought the author is indebted to a most inimitable passage in Churchill.

† The Personage here alluded to is no less than the author's bed-maker, an old soldier much distinguished for his honesty and roughness, and can be only understood by his friends in college.

‡ To a most ingenious and valuable friend the author is indebted for the five concluding stanzas of this piece.

THE CHARACTER.

HERE dwelt, ere marriage call'd to joys refin'd,
A youth to riot and to noise unknown,
Fair poesy engaged his gentler mind,
And melancholy claim'd him for her own.

Kind was his soul of softest sympathy,
Nor pass'd in vain his friendship unreturn'd ;
Each old companion heav'd a parting sigh,
Their master's loss each sorrowing servant mourn'd.

Yet seek not here his virtues to disclose,
Nor learn from hence the tenour of his life,
The best of all can paint the worth she knows,
With equal virtues graced, his sister, friend, and wife.

ROSALIND'S

DYING COMPLAINT TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

ALAS ! my dearest baby,
I grieve to see thee smile ;
I think upon thy rueful lot,
And cold's my heart the while.

'Gainst wind and tide of worldly woe,
I cannot make my way ;
To lull thee in my bosom warm,
I feel I must not stay.

My mother will not hear me speak,
My father knits his brow ;
Sweet Heavens ! were they never young,
That thus they treat me so ?

Ye souls unkind, a fate like mine
O never may ye prove !
Nor live to find how bitter 'tis
To miss the man ye love.

My friends they all forsake me,
Nor comfort will afford ;
They laugh while I am thinking,
My True-Love broke his word.

May God amend their cruel hearts,
For surely they 're to blame ;
They little know what 'tis to feel
The heaviness of shame.

Th' ungentle hand of rude mischance
Has 'reft my heart of rest,
And frightened hope of cheerless eye
Lies strangled in my breast.

'Twas yester-eve at midnight hour,
I waked but to weep,
I kiss'd my baby's pretty hand,
And watch'd it while asleep :

Its cruel far-off father
My tender thoughts embraced,
And in my darling's infant look
His lovely likeness traced.

With smileless look a spectre form
 Advancing seem'd t' appear,
 White Fancy toll'd the death-bell slow
 Across my startled ear :

Full well I knew its fearful sound,
 That sternly seem'd to say,
 " Go speed thee to the grass green sward,
 For thou must die to day."—



ODE TO THE MEMORY OF CHATTERTON.



..... *Hunc inopem vidistis Athenæ*
Nil præter gelidas ausæ conferre cicutas.

JUVENAL.



ILL-FATED youth, adieu ; was thine a breast
 Where fell Despair might fix her dark resolve,
 To mar thy simple heart,
 And snatch thee from the world ?
 Whilst Fancy finds a friend, and Genius charms,
 With eagle-eye, and high-aspiring thought,
 Thy sainted memory
 Shall ever sacred live.
 When Spring, with scanty vest and maiden smile,
 Leads on the sprightly months and infant year,
 Her tears of morning dew
 Shall wet thy death-bed cold :

When jocund Summer with her honied breath
(Sweetening the golden grain and blithsome gale)

Displays her sun-burnt face

Beneath the hat of straw,

The lily's hanging head, the pansy pale,

(Poor Fancy's lowly followers) in meek

Attire, shall deck thy turf,

And withering lie with thee.

When sober Autumn with lack-lustre eye

Shakes with a chiding blast the yellow leaf,

And hears the woodman's song

And early sportsman's foot ;

When naked Winter, like a Pilgrim grey,

Of veriest rude aspect and joyless brow,

Calls for the carol wild,

And trims the social fire,

Remembrance oft in Pity's pensive ear,

At silent eve shall sorrowing toll thy knell,

And tell to after days

Thy tale, thy luckless tale.

EPITAPH*.

Passenger,
 To be the first in informing you
 that over these ashes
 No tear was ever shed, and that for many
 years,
 This turf has wanted a signature,
 Is a silent satisfaction to the anonymous writer
 of this testimony.
 For a moment let oblivion withhold
 her exultation :
 With sorrow and sincerity,
 This plain stone is inscribed (by one whom
 he never saw)
 To the memory of the Reverend
 PETER ELKINTON,
 A man
 Of much genius, and many virtues,
 Whose lot it was in this world
 To live in neglect without a comfort,
 And to die in solitude without a friend.
 Great God !
 Are not these things noted in thy book !

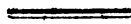
* When the above Epitaph was written, the author was unacquainted with the many acts of friendship which Mr. Elkinton received from the Rev. R. Parr, of Norwich.

WRITTEN AMIDST THE RUINS OF BROOMHOLM
PRIORY, IN NORFOLK.

BROOMHOLM, thy vaulted roofs and towers sublime,
Yield to the gradual touch of silent time,
Whose luckless stole in dusky mantlings spread,
Veils the fair prospect of thy once famed head,
And all thy beauty now but dim appears,
Through the dark backward of a thousand years.
Scared at the blast that hollow from the main
Molests with sullen pause her ancient reign,
By the wan moon-beam oft the bird of night
Lengthens her feral note, and wheels her flight
O'er the cold limbs that ever mouldering lie,
Beneath the winter's wind and summer sky.
What though in vain with curious eye we trace
The tarnish'd semblance of the sacred place,
With eye profane its fading tints explore,
That mark the features of the days of yore,
And fain would eager snatch from ruffian time
The moss-grown fragment of a monkish rhyme ;
What though no more at early dawn of day,
Eve's misty hour, or twilight's trembling ray,
With ken full blithe the mariner espies
Thy glittering domes and massy towers arise * ;
Far from the dizzy mast he looks in vain,
And longs to see his native shore again.
What though no scanty path we here descry,
To cheer with foot of man the sorrowing eye,

* This Priory was formerly a sea-mark.

Rough from the grasp of age thy walls deride
 The slighter symmetry of modern pride,
 Fancy, still fond, presents the long-drawn aile,
 And feels the brooding genius of the pile ;
 Her magic spell th' emblazon'd arms supplies,
 And gives the gorgeous pane a thousand dyes ;
 Rebuilds the trophied tomb of many a knight
 With high hung helm and ponderous spear bedigh :
 Still the damp shrines a grateful awe inspire,
 Pale burn the lamps, and rapt the stoled choir,
 Still the loud organ's peal I seem to hear,
 That wakes the slumbering soul, and fills the ravish'd ear,



PROSTITUTED HONOUR ; OR, LOTHARIO ;

A CHARACTER.



UNMASK'D by censure, unrestrain'd by fear,
 Shall low-born vice its shameless forehead rear ?
 From honour's height look down with saucy brow,
 On all the grovelling world that toils below,
 At poverty's lone cot dare wag its tongue,
 And scorn the dirty dunghill whence it sprung ?
 Thanks to those powers who gave me to deride
 Wealth's swelling port, and tinsel'd meanness, pride,
 Silent I cannot view with patient eye
 Pageants like these that stink and flutter by.
 In days of yore with valour for her guide,
 Justice alone preferr'd the worth she tried ;

Our gallant knights, in lov'd Eliza's reign,
 France bade be 'dumb, and heart-struck haughty Spain.
 Then the shrill summons of the vigorous chace,
 Strung the firm nerve, and flush'd the ruddy face.
 Fashion in vain her Proteus form display'd ;
 No public offerings at her shrine were paid :
 She dared not then affrighted sense lay waste,
 Or taint the sacred source of public taste.
 Alike refinement tried her soft'ning sway
 To catch the sturdy manners of the day :
 Her efforts vain ! Britannia's favour'd isle
 Renounced the lurking evil of her smile.
 Ye sons of Fame, whose memories impart
 A constant transport to the feeling heart ;
 From souls like yours we catch a kindred ray,
 And feel infused the genius of the day.
 Ye Sidneys, Raleighs, whose undaunted eye
 Flash'd the keen glance of ancient liberty,
 Your lives with joy th' enraptur'd Muse surveys
 That claim the meed of never-fading praise.
 Oh ! what a thrilling thought, that deathless Fame
 To ages yet unborn shall tell each name
 Of those immortal few, for Albion's good,
 Who dauntless paid the tribute of their blood !
 And as she waves her legend scroll on high
 To other climes, in other tongues, shall cry,
 " These are the deeds of those who never die !"
 No more with dazzling light the regal ray
 Shines unobscured, and cheers the coming day.
 Sorrowing the Muse beholds the throne disgraced,
 Its lustre tarnish'd and its gifts misplaced,
 Daub'd with false honours, whilst Lothario's mien
 Provokes the threat'ning eye of honest spleen ;

Swell'd with base pride, exempt from ev'ry grace,
 Vice in his heart, and folly in his face,
 Studious to keep the naked poor in awe,
 And grind their needy souls with harpy law,
 With silly dimpling smirk, and bland grimace,
 With smile that gads so sweetly o'er his face,
 Methinks I see him labouring to be great,
 Rais'd on the tottering stilts of awkward state ;
 First of the tribe who shift with ready art
 The ductile feelings of a venal heart ;
 Sir Knight become, how big dear self appears,
 And whilst the title greets his greedy ears,
 He shakes his booby head, and wonders what he hears.
 Ere lull'd to slumber in the nurse's arms,
 The squalling infant thus a coral charms,
 Pleas'd it attends the discord for awhile,
 And hugs the glittering bauble with a smile.

TO MYRA,

AFTER RECEIVING TWO DRAWINGS, REPRESENTING A
 VIOLET AND A BEGGAR.

FROM these sad scenes where care and pale dismay
 Darken with deepest cloud the coming day *,
 Where Duty breathes in vain its lengthen'd sigh,
 And wipes the stagnant tear from Sorrow's eye,

* This alludes to some scenes of domestic affliction.

O'er all its hopes views hovering Death prevail,
 And mourns the social comforts as they fail ;
 Say, can a novice Muse, though you inspire,
 In artless thanks awake her sadden'd lyre ?
 For me, whose eye surveys with vain delight
 Pieria's stream and famed Parnassus height,
 Let M—— all in tears his story tell
 Of widow'd dove, or sorrowing Philomel ;
 With all the tinsel'd harlotry of art
 Win the weak mind, or touch the tasteless heart :
 For me, let P——'s hireling pages chime,
 Pert with the pretty cant of servile rhyme ;
 Unaw'd by power or fame's delusive ray,
 I value more a violet than a bay.
 What though, dear girl, these worthless lays appear
 But ill attuned to meet thy nicer ear,
 Warm from the heart officious fondness flies,
 And fears no frown but that of Myra's eyes.
 For her what Gothic soul could e'er repine
 To' invoke, those worst of all coquets, the Nine.
 In Shandy mood with head on hand reclin'd,
 To ev'ry ill of fate and phlegm resigned,
 With surly silence, or with cold content,
 I hear (on distant scenes my thoughts intent)
 The tedious round of chat and compliment ;
 Perchance the heavy hour in part to kill,
 And keep the drowsy mind from standing still,
 Comes a dread summons from the fiend quadrille,
 With sad civility the tricks I tell,
 And gaze without emotion at a belle ;
 Whilst at my careless play and vacant air,
 Gamblers look grave, and tabbies wish to swear ;
 Till parent Dullness claims her seat again,
 Settles their features, and assumes her reign.—

At those lov'd shores where Yare with ceaseless sweep
Joins the dark bosom of the fearful deep,
Full many a truant wish and wayward look
Has absence cast and musing Fancy took,
Where Friendship vacant finds an elbow chair,
Looks round with joy and longs to linger there ;
Where frank Good-humour ev'ry care beguiles,
With all the social family of smiles ;
Charm'd at the thought, I picture Juliet near *,
Her sprightly glance I feel, her voice I hear,
Attentive sit, and meet, with tacit sigh
The softer cast of pensive Myra's eye ;
Dwell long enamour'd on each blooming grace,
That lends its 'luring influence to her face ;
With fluttering breast I view her nicest skill,
Teach the keen darts of Venus how to kill,
And touch with busy hand each lighter dress,
That guards the dimpled cheek and silken tress ;
The filmy gauze, the ribband's dazzling dye,
(A mystic spell to catch the rustic eye),
The waving sash, the feather's nodding plume,
With all the powers of cambric and perfume ;
Through such let meaner beauties of the day
Spread wide o'er vanquish'd hearts the female sway,
At ev'ry look and random glance lay low
A dangling coxcomb, or a flimsy beau ;
To souls like mine no influence they impart,
Who bribe the eye to captivate the heart.
Slaves to the laws of taste, let some admire
Paulo's bold stroke, or vivid Titian's fire ;
With critic skill, and just precision trace,
Poussin's learn'd air, or soft Corregio's grace.

* Juliet, the sister of the lady to whom these verses were addressed.

In mute amaze let others trembling stand,
 And feel the dark sublime of Rosa's hand ;
 Be mine the task their varied styles to view,
 And mark their blended beauties met in you.
 When the lone wretch by age and sickness led,
 Bides the chill storm, and begs for bitter bread,
 Taught by thy moving hand my tears shall flow
 The hasty followers of his helpless woe,
 Oft as I strive to chase those griefs away,
 That cloud the sunless evening of his day.
 Meanwhile Affection fondly fix'd on you—
 (The lovely source from whence its pity grew),
 Viewing thy beggar form with joy shall boast,
 That she who excites it best, must feel it most.

ON A FRAGMENT OF SOME VERSES

WRITTEN BY A LADY IN PRAISE OF SOLITUDE.

MYRA ! dear maid, full many a weary hour
 In joyless speed has pass'd, since first mine eye
 Met the faint outline of your early hopes,
 Moist with the purest dew of Castaly :
 And who, ah ! who, can willingly resign
 The distant shadows of ideal joys,
 In youth's fair morn by treacherous Faney form'd,
 That, like the floating rack on yonder sky,
 Pass into nought as they had never been ?
 The time was once, when oft the long day through,

Far, far too busy for my present peace,
O'er these the pensive fablings of your Muse
I hung enamour'd, whilst with anxious glance
The kindred feelings of my youthful years,
In visionary view full glad I found,
And blissful dreams, familiar to my heart,
O'er which sweet Hope her gilding pale had flung :
Such, O ! such scenes with Myra to have shared
Was all my fruitless prayers e'er ask'd of Fate.
(Filling each space imperfect you had left) ;
Oft would my partial hand the pencil take,
And bid the sketch unreal hues assume,
Bright beams of light and colours not its own :
Mischance stood by and watch'd, and at an hour
When least I thought her near, with hasty hand
All my fair pictured hopes at once defac'd.—
The traveller thus, when louring skies impend,
In sorrowing silence leaning on his staff,
From some ascent his weary steps have gain'd,
Breathless looks back, and pausing, ponders well
The lengthen'd landscape past ; now hid he finds
Mid far-off mists, and thick surrounding showers,
Each city, wandering stream, and wildering wood,
Where late in joy secure he journeyed blythe,
Nor met the phantom of a single fear,
Where every cloud illumin'd by the sun,
Hung lovely, and each zephyr fragrance breath'd.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER ISIS,

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

SWEET Isis thy stream as despairing I lie,
Thy muse-haunted marge with wild flowrets intwin'd,
Make me grieve when I think that the moment draws nigh,
When for ever, I fear, I must leave thee behind.

May thy bosom with tremulous shadows impress'd,
From the waving green willow that hangs on thy shore,
With regret miss the step of a death stricken guest,
And Echo list oft for the sound of his oar.

Though her lover be fallen—thy copses among
When Philomel warbles at close of the day,
May a friend ne'er be wanting to catch her lorn song,
And welcome the loveliest herald of May.

May the suns that I've seen, and the cloudless blue skies,
The soft verdant meads, and rich woodlands around,
Still, still feed with rapture a thousand fond eyes,
Though I be far distant,—or cold in the ground.

Why dwell on the thought then & sad fancy depart,
And charm me no more with thy treacherous spell;
The first of past joys I dismiss from my heart,
When to thee, belov'd Isis! I once bid farewell.

SICKNESS *.

SICKNESS! I yield to thy subduing sway,
A livid paleness o'er each feature steals ;
Widely irregular my pulses play,
And all my frame a listless languor feels.

How chang'd, how alter'd from my former plight,
When youthful vigour every sinew strung,
When fancy wing'd a bold excursive flight,
And notes of rapture warbled on my tongue.

The dreams of pleasure which I then pursued,
No more shall lure me with their splendid guise ;
Nor shall my love of fame be hence renew'd,
For sickness yields not to the great or wise.

The frowns of censure and the smiles of praise,
And all that fortune and that fate decree,
The same indifference in my bosom raise,
For all, alas ! is vanity to me.

E'en the sweet converse of the nymph I love,
Of late so pleasing, now disgusts mine ear ;
And should an angel whisper from above,
His fine-ton'd accents I could scarcely bear.

* This poem was inserted in the Public Advertiser, Nov. 3, 1790 ;
and ascribed to the pen of Mr. Headley, a very short time before his
decease.

No med'cine, mix'd with Æsculapian art,
Can raise my spirits or assuage my pain ;
For life's warm tide scarce issues from my heart,
And slowly creeps along each circling vein.

Where'er by chance these weary eyeballs stray,
O'er yon fair mirror, to its office true,
My wasted form I shudder to survey,
And almost doubt if 'tis myself I view.

Dim are these eyes which once refulgent shone,
And faint the throbbings of this aching breast,
My faltering voice has lost its wonted tone,
And all my sorrows are by sighs express'd.

Few are the transports I can hope to share,
Whilst here a lingering victim I remain,
Anticipation heightens my despair,
And retrospection sharpens every pain.

The sports of youth, in which I once partook,
Alas! no more th' approving smile can wake ;
On every scene I cast a heedless look,
Nor know but that may be the last I take.

Alike regardless of my friends and foes,
I wait the coming of that awful hour,
Which to affliction brings a welcome close,
And lifts the soul above misfortune's pow'r.

Then, when exempt from each terrestrial eye,
My trembling spirit wings the field of space,
Congenial souls may quit their native sky,
And, smiling, bear me to the throne of grace.



IMITATIONS
OF
OLD WELSH POETRY.

'Αἰ δὲ τίαι ζώουσιν ἀνδρόνις, ἦσιν ὁ πᾶσι
'Αγκυλῆς 'Αἶθης ἐκ ἐπὶ χιμερὰ βαλεῖ. EPIGR.

THE LAMENTATION OF LLWARCH-HEN THE BARD,
UPON THE DEATH OF GWLAITH, A WELSH CHIEF.

..... Give me some music ;—
Now good Cesario ; but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night ;
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times.—

SHAKESPEARE.

“ SON of Beli Mawr, alas ! the beams of thy glory are set ; thy wide extended hall shall no more give shelter to heroes that quaff the sparkling mead who gladdened at thy presence. A silence that is only introduced by death, there spreads her contagion.—To us the days of sorrow are at hand ; thy cup-bearer treads not with alacrity.—The trembling strings of the harp forget to vibrate : no longer

the note of victory, at the waving of the hand of thy bard, awakens the soul from her mansion with enchantment.—The foot of time, which we hear not, has trodden upon thy shield red and moist with blood; already has it defiled with rust thy corslet; over thy war-worm helm the spider begins to scatter the thin web of Oblivion:—let this be thy solace; the journeying stranger shall not pass by the spot of thy rest without recollecting (as the hollow blast moves the herb that trembles at its comfortless breath) the force of thy arm, and the heart-shaking thunder of thy footsteps; the tale that fame has told of thee, shall lead him far from his path, and delay him at thy grave. The blue-ey'd damsel of his bed, at each returning day, shall view the sun with aversion, and cast a look over the hills for his return.—The Eagle of battle (to which thou wert like,) mangling her prey on thy grave, shall oft mark with her princely foot where thou liest, thou that wert her feeder, and shall flap her firm-set wing as she hears the neighbouring torrent rushing near thy corse.—Oft at eve does thy father say, “my son, my son,” and bids thy younger brother hearken as he tells of thee: thy brother’s blood, like that of the lion’s whelp, kindles for the contest, and longs to succeed thee.—As wandering to pay thee my tribute of grief, I distinguish the slow and tremulous accents of thy sire (for he yet lives,) the fall of Orwan by the prowess of thy spear, th’ ensanguined waters of Tarwarth (from memory) oft seem to sparkle in his deep-sunk eye; my heart is weighed down at the painful pleasure of his sigh, and the deepened luxury of his mourning.—Thy white steed that of old snuff’d the breeze in the vale, I meet lonely straying near thy grave, cropping the long tall grass that quivers over thee.—Where is now the noise of his hoofs, his flowing mane, the joy of the field, and

the lightning of his eye at the downfall of enemies? Many are they whom fate has overtaken, whom memory shall never recal, whom no future bard shall awaken from silence, when the hirlas-horn shall open the hearts of posterity, and of the yet unborn; the evening and the morning sun shall gild their grave with its rays, and the winter's wind shall rudely salute their wasting limbs, as it passes in its course to shake the turrets of Aberffraw, and agitate the sullen waters of ———. Thee Danger oft has met in the tented field, and fled dismayed. Snowden and our mother Mona have resounded the clash of thy deeds; the cottager on their heavy-hanging brows, at midnight, has started at the sound by the sinking blue taper—whilst his trembling consort lull'd her affrighted babes to their broken slumber. Still visible are the prints of thy steeds upon Deudraeth; the hours of life are past, and death only has been thy conqueror."

LLWEN AND GYNETH.

O fellow, come, the song we had last night,
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain,
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it.— SHAKESPEARE.

LLWEN.

“ O MY troubled soul, I see nought save the hollow-beating wave; the cold luminary of the night shows me the gloomy turrets of Llathryth:—through the broken wall it may touch the cheek of my love as he thinks or dreams of me! Moon, how I envy thy beams! Gyneth, thou youth of the spear, breaker of the crimson shield, Llwen has left her bed of leaves, and wanders to find thee; the blast flows cold from the mountains, the hunter's dog is at rest—thou art not gone to thy grave! for who can look in thy face with the thoughts of death in his heart? yet fierce is the black-brow'd Branworth, fate is in the glare of his eye; but I am a woman, and thou art my Love!—Branworth, sweeping storm of the South, Llwen entreats for the joy of her heart; the snow-bearded bard of her father shall resound thy name in his hall with stately steps; the horn in the palace of thine enemy shall be filled to the brim, and Llwen shall not forget thy mercy.—

What do I see? Gyneth lives in my sight, come down from thy prison of death, haste from thy grated window, the sun will soon arise, the quick-scented foe will be near; but, alas! thou art not the same, I am chill'd as I look at thy face; speak, where is thy blooming cheek and thy raven-black eye? my heart keeps not its seat as I gaze."—

GYNETH.

"THOU dost not see me alive; away, I am cold as the dead man's hand, the eagle has eat my bones—I am but thy Gyneth's ghost—let Rodric and Owain, my brothers, revenge me, let to-morrow's sun gleam on their shields—away, where the faint traveller stops at the stream of Teivi, let a few stones mark my grave—we soon shall meet graceful daughter of Yrganvy—till the hunter has seen my grave, and the shepherd's boy has brushed the thistle from my resting place, wretched am I and forlorn, frightful is my dwelling-place, it cannot be named."—

LLWEN.

"LION of the field, art thou fallen? Rodric and Owain are not; old is my father, he heareth not the gladdening sound of the harp or the spear; Llwen, his daughter, and Gyneth he cannot remember; he is even at the door of death—many have perished before me, and have not returned; surely they are happy? why then should I weep? sorrow beats hard at my heart, I obey thee, my love, and haste to make thy tomb; I will not look back upon Arfoel*—the turf of thy tomb I will build up where the summer-lasting flower lifts its head; oft shall I view it in

* Arfoel, probably her father's seat.

216 IMITATIONS OF OLD WELCH POETRY. J

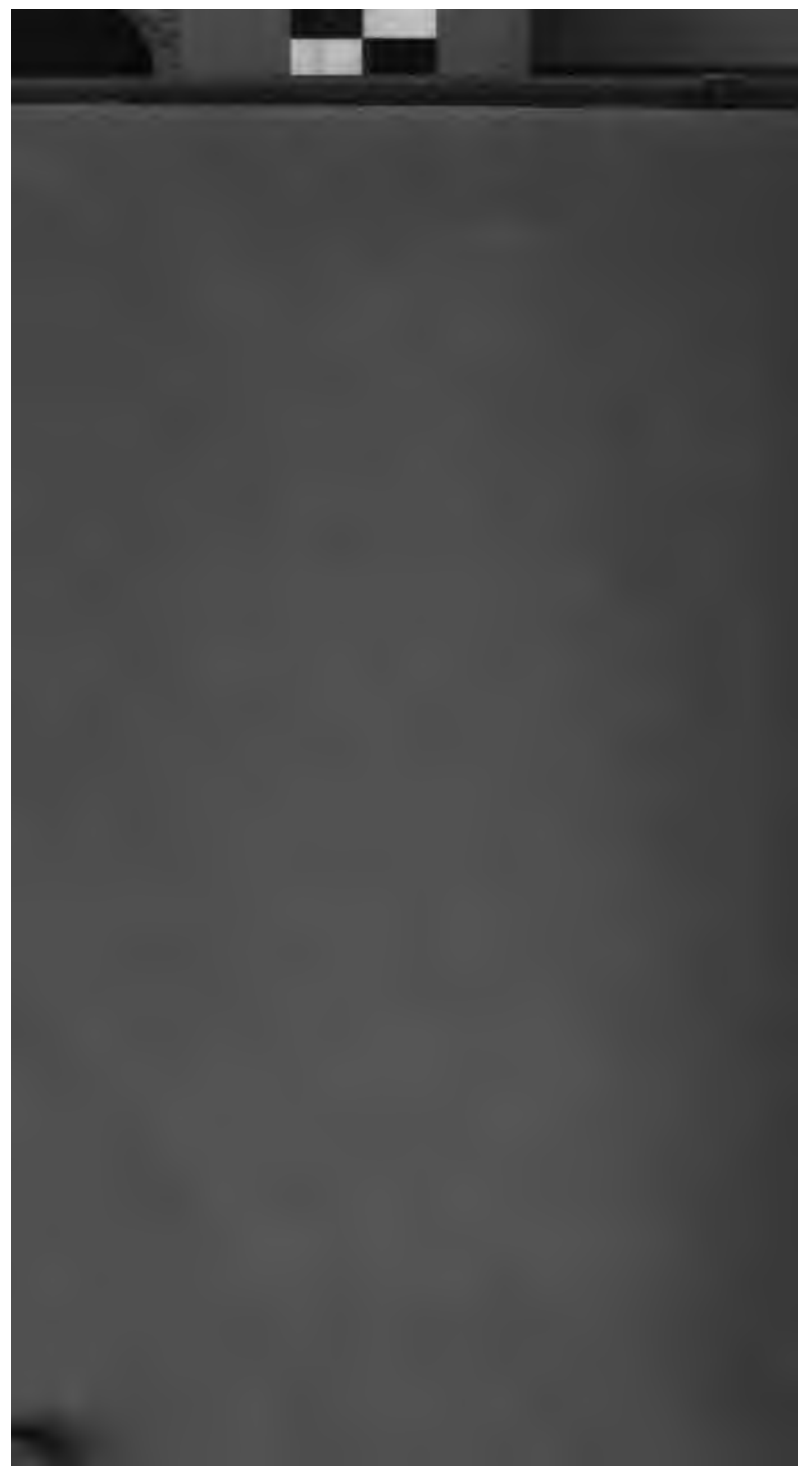
the morn, when the sun looks red in the east; and in the even, when it loses its glory in the western main; when I am gone it will flourish.—Traveller, with rude hand pluck it not up, but a little while it tarrieth, it will join the dust of the daughter of Yrganvy.——

* * For an account of these two last pieces, See Fugitive Pieces.
Printed for C. DILLY.

FINIS.







FEB 13 1935

